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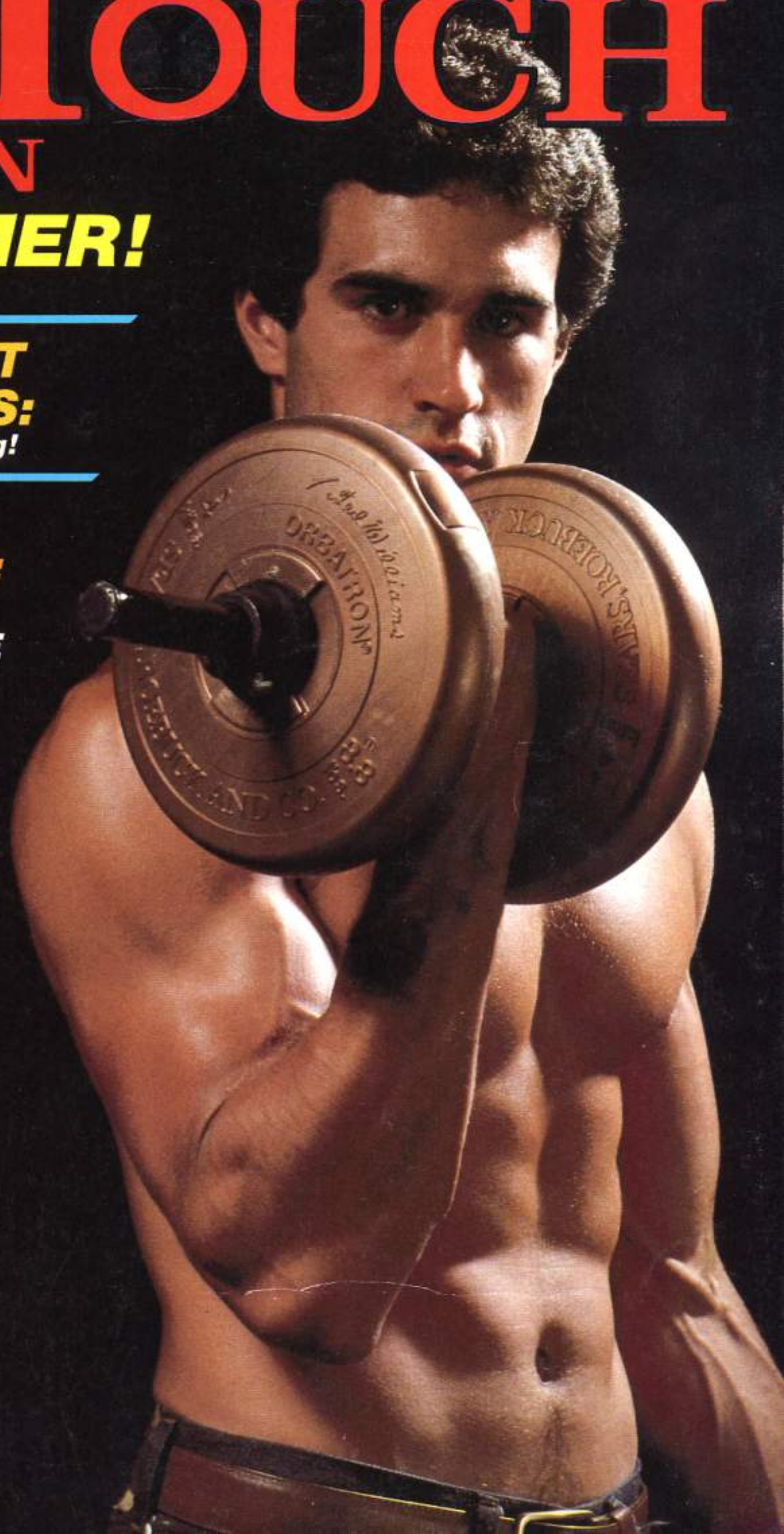
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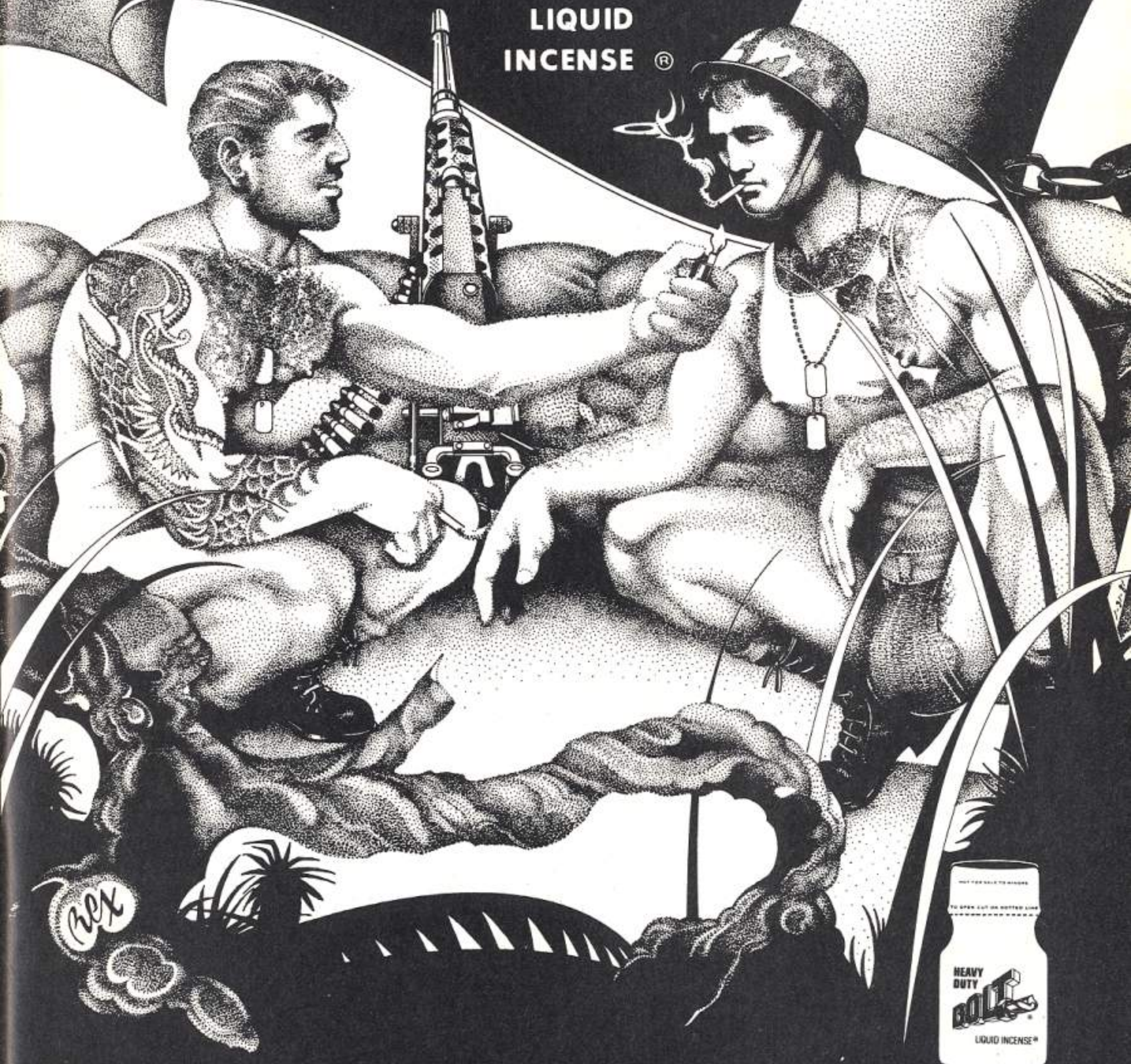


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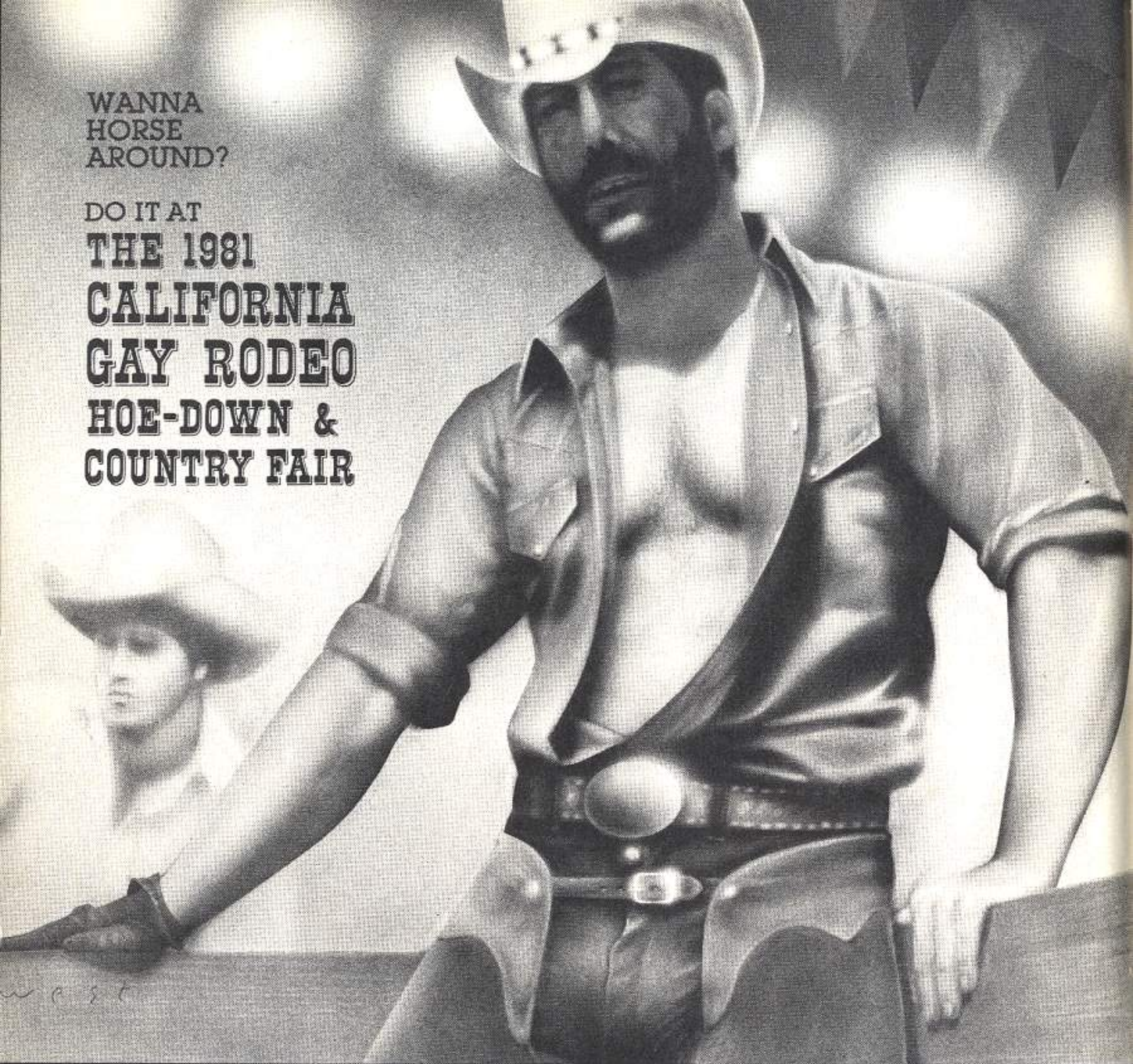


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Leif has a ball*

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People! Parties! Poppers!

Cover photo: CHRISTIAN DE VITO by BROÛN

General Offices: (213) 466-6333

Publisher: FRANK ROEDEL

Associate Publisher: DON BEAVERS

Editor-in-Chief: JOHN CALENDON

Art Director: JAMES YOUSLING

Executive Editor: PHIL TOWNSEND

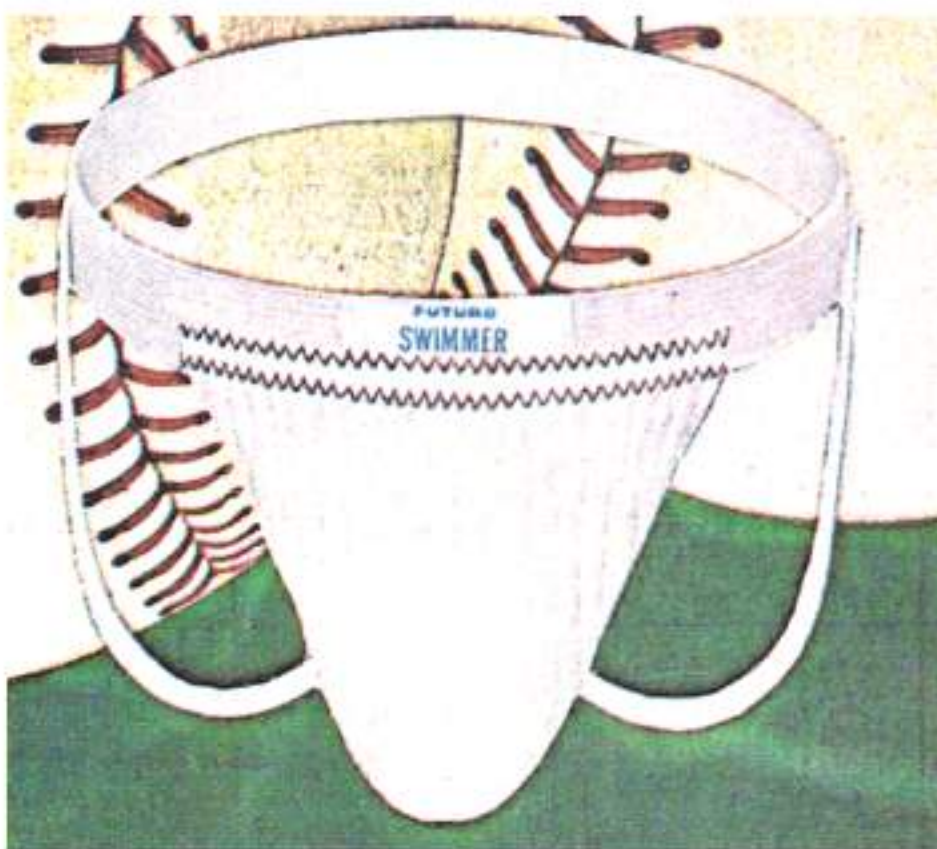
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IN TOUCH For Men (USPS 045-890), Issue 57 (July 1981). Published monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 1316 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027. Opinions expressed in by-lined articles and letters are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of IN TOUCH For Men. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH For Men is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such persons or organizations, and any similarity between individuals named or described in fiction articles and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1981 by IN TOUCH, Inc.

Manuscripts, drawings and photographs may be submitted to the editorial division of IN TOUCH For Men, Post Office Box 1228, Hollywood, California 90028 and return postage must accompany all submissions if they are to be returned. All rights in letters to IN TOUCH For Men shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

Subscription rate: 6 issues, \$15.00; 12 issues, \$28.00; 18 issues, \$42.00; Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California and additional offices. IN TOUCH For Men's list of subscribers is confidential, and is not sold, rented, traded or released to anyone at any time.

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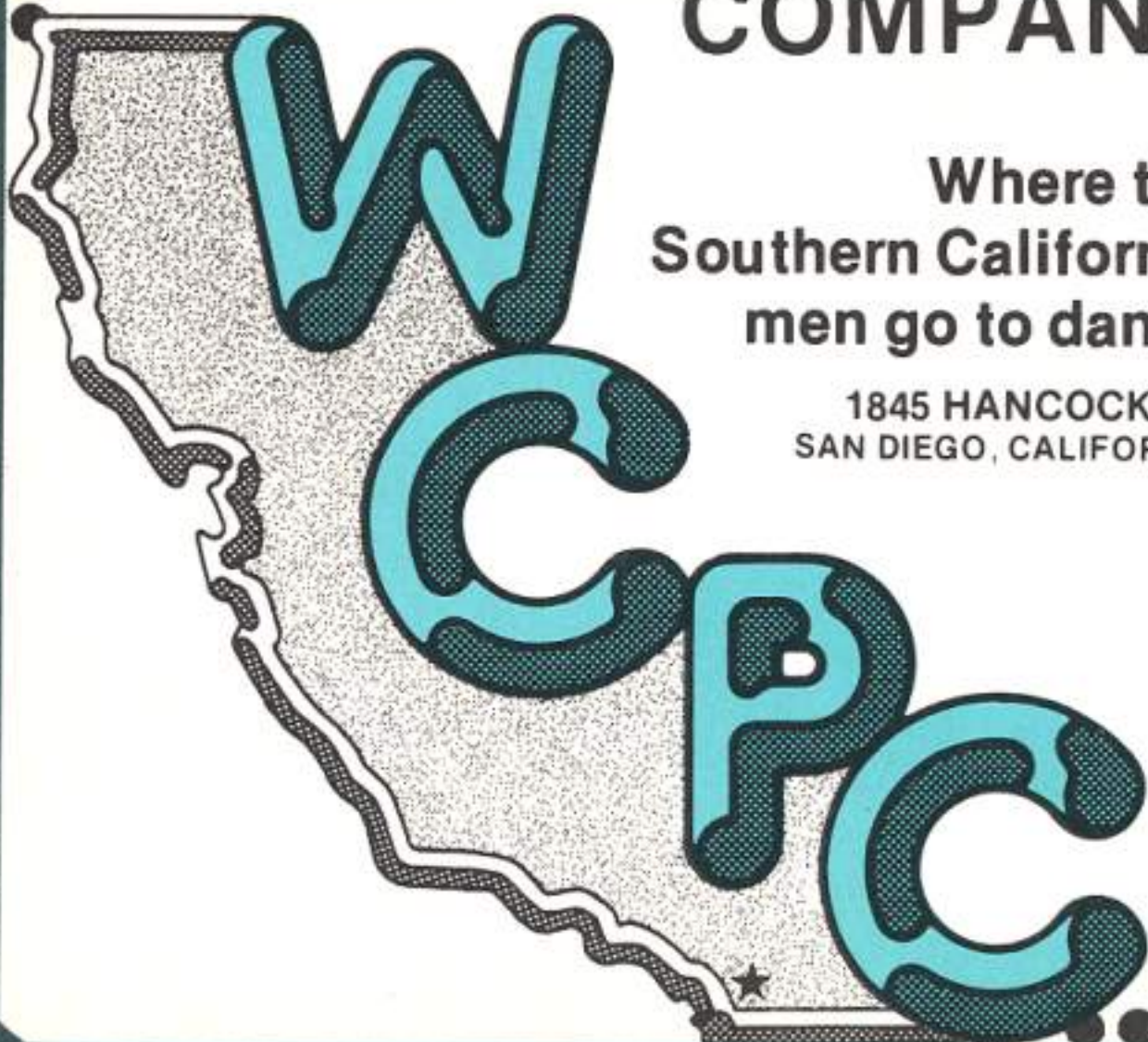
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LETTERS:

GUSHING BOYS

That black-and-white study of Kirby Scott (#53) on page 47, in a jean jacket over a leather one, revealed not only a fascinating pair of hands but a timeless expression that glances off the window of dreams. It is a brilliant depiction of primitive man, an Ancient Greek, an Ancient Roman, young Charlemagne, King Harold or William the Conqueror, an Irish peasant, an Elizabethan pirate, an American frontiersman, a French marquis in wild disguise on being stopped from escaping the guillotine, a Kentucky hill-billy saying "Hi" to the "revenooers," the first man ever to win the first medal ever struck for Courage and Conspicuous Bravery in the Field of Battle, Sir Lance-lot (God bless him), Huckleberry Finn, the Mutiny on the Bounty *in pleno*, my earliest erotic image and my latest delight. If he is ever in this neck of the woods, he must be careful not to set the trees on fire! Thank you, IN TOUCH. You're the best! Just sign me . . .

Tony from Vancouver
Canada

Whew! We feel like we just came off the Rise of Man ride at the World's Fair. If you want to see more of Kirby, check out Colt Men #9 at better adult bookstores everywhere.

—Ed.

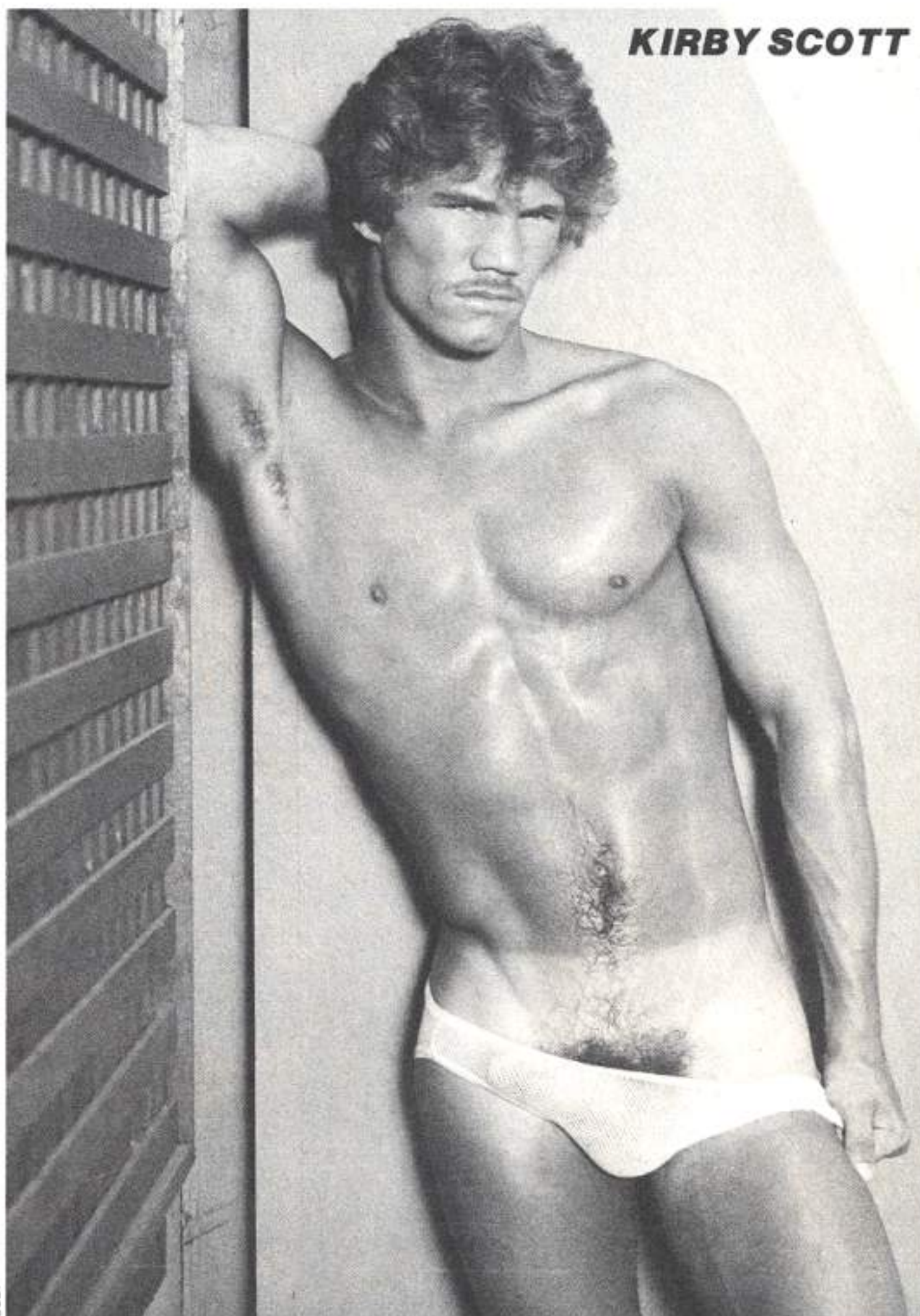
Your choice of men are truly beautiful. Particularly Tony Hill in Issue #54. Talk about a gorgeous hunk. Can you imagine him for a lover? I'd never get out of bed—unless I wanted to make love to him on the floor!

Mike Lane
Rialto, CA

I especially enjoyed your photo essay "Jungle Man in the City" in Issue #54. How about more photo essays in risky situations?

M.J.
Cleveland, Ohio

As a grad student in an inflationary economy, I can't buy every issue of IN TOUCH or any magazine. I usually go to the book store and browse to see what's new. If after a few days the particular issue is still on my mind, I go and buy it. That is what happened with IN TOUCH #54 because Tommy Valpoon is perhaps the most sensually exotic model I've ever seen. Some models have pretty faces, others have muscles and some project a machoism that pleases profoundly.



KIRBY SCOTT

Tommy does all this and more. Those thick lips and endowment, those oriental eyes, his tall awesome frame. I'm pleased the photographer did not cover Tommy with soap suds or some other disembellishments. Can't wait to see him "in full glory" in the next issue of TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

G.B.
Seattle, WA

ARMY MAN AGAINST THE WALL

I am in the United States Army and am gay. I've been in the Army for almost 6

years now and due to an illegal search of my apartment the Army is now prosecuting me for sodomy. They discovered some personal photographs of myself and a friend, clothed, but in various embraces. I fully plan to push the Army to a court marshal and am in great need of some information and assistance. I have written to various newspapers with details of the plight of the gay in the military. There have been too many incidents of those of us within the system that choose to speak suddenly disappearing. I have been told this morning



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that I am to move all possessions onto the Post here and vacate my apartment. Therefore, it is a reasonable assumption that the silence is beginning to be imposed. Please consider my situation and give a fellow member of the "family" some help.

Sgt. John Crafts
041-42-8306
Co. C, 123D Signal Battalion
APO 09036NY

The best advice we can give you is to get in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union, 1346 Connecticut Avenue NW, Ninth Floor, Washington, DC 20036 or call their toll-free number 1-800-424-5402. Good luck.

—Ed.

ANOTHER TROOPER

The "Meat" letters in issue #54 were quite interesting. I belong to several penpal clubs and the letters I have received might well qualify one day. Ha! Ha! I was quite interested in the one about the State Trooper because it was so true. We used to have a very handsome State Trooper two doors down and most State Troopers I have had the pleasure of sharing their cars have all been very handsome, to say the least! You would enjoy the "straight" (he thinks) guy I write to in

Saudi Arabia. He just recently sent me a picture of himself in just briefs and he is truly a God of perhaps Greece. Peace and Love...

Herman L.
Barrier Lake, MI

DISSENTING OPINIONS

I thought your recent attack on the Disney organization in the "Touch & Go" section of Issue #53 was unfair. It is indeed regrettable that Disneyland found the sight of two gentlemen dancing together undesirable. IN TOUCH's premise that Disneyland is a public place is erroneous. Disneyland is built by private capital on privately owned land. However, it is zoned for "commercial enterprise," as you say. Still, as gays do not expect *Playboy* to run erotic pictures of males, Disneyland should not be expected to condone activities contrary to its marketing practices. A large portion of the population that Disneyland markets to would be repulsed by the sight of two gentlemen dancing together. If there were a good commercial reason to have gentlemen dancing together, I am sure Disneyland would jump at the market. As a gay visiting Disneyland on many occasions, I have had a great time without dancing with other gentlemen. The two gentlemen in question and other

gays should simply take their dancing patronage to those establishments—and I understand Los Angeles is blessed with many of them—that actively solicit a gay clientele. Please do not print my last name...

Tom B.
St. Louis, MO

Tom, Disneyland does not market its products to specifically black audiences either, yet could you imagine them stopping a black couple from dancing among white people? The sight of a white girl dancing with a black man might, to use your word, "repluse" a lot of people Disneyland markets to, yet could you imagine the imbroglio if Disneyland told an interracial couple to leave the park because they had danced together? There is simply no excuse for the undemocratic treatment of any minority in America.

—Ed.

Your article "35 Things You Should Know About Prince Charles" (Issue #52) offended me. Canadians are different than most Americans who like gossip about anyone, the dirtier the better, no matter what harm it does to the person(s) involved. When it comes to the Royal Family, we treat them with much



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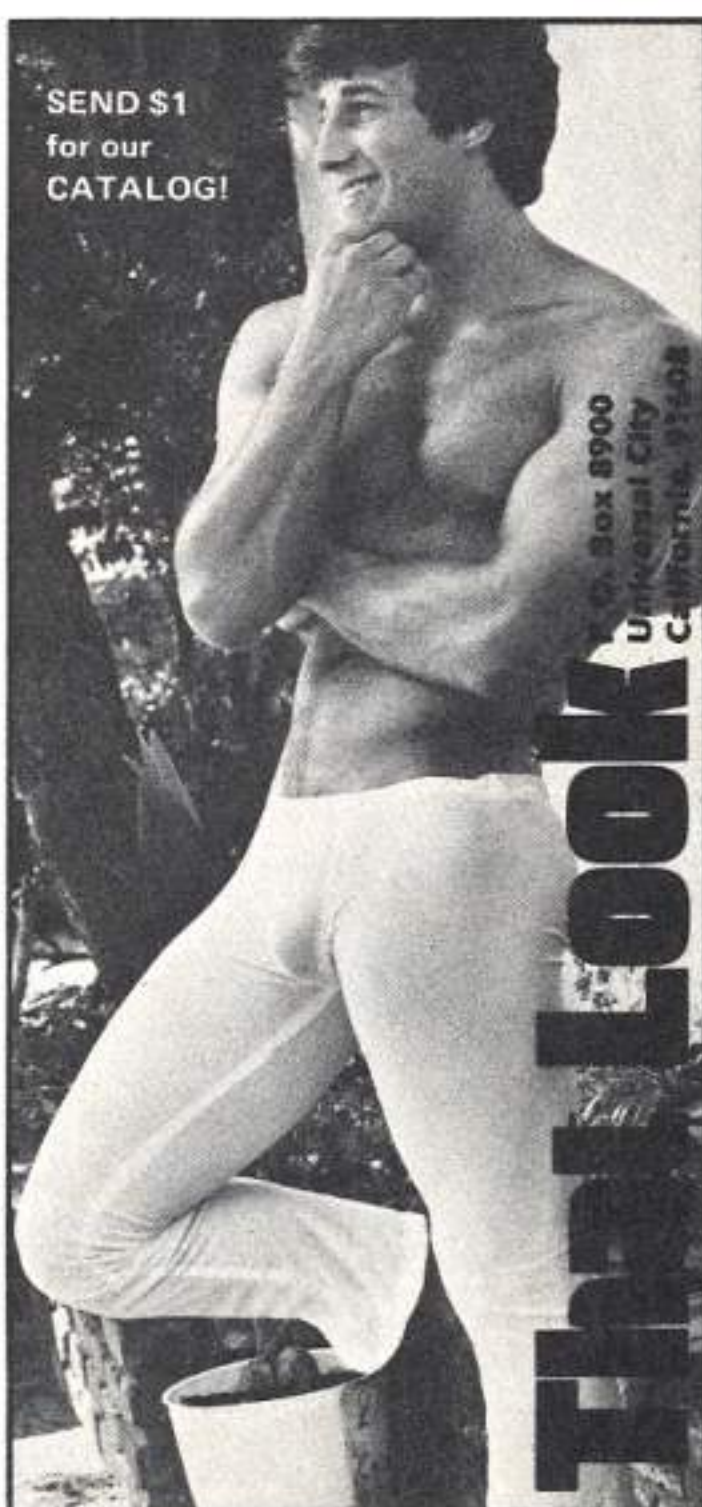
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That Look

greater respect than the President of the United States could ever hope to receive. It is interesting to note that your American readers—judging from the Letters column—found the article amusing. Many of my friends did not and asked me to express this. It is interesting to note that there is a new mood in the United States reflected via the recent Court Action taken by Carol Burnett against the *National Inquiry* [sic], Americans are starting to come out strongly against the amount of gossip appearing in their Nation's newspapers. If you want a magazine of quality, I believe it should re-access its policy on gossip. In the case of the Prince Charles article, a lot of things were expressed on which he couldn't defend himself. You and I have the right to defend ourselves against gossipers, but he doesn't have that right because of his position. I think IN TOUCH should retract the article or at least disassociate itself from the person who wrote it.


David Ambrose
Canada

Oh, stuff and nonsense, David! Stuff and nonsense! The article was by-lined: it is neither professional nor necessary for us to disassociate ourselves from it. Could it be that you actually missed the fact that this was a lighthearted piece full of "things" like Streisand record collections, buttock moles and a preference

for American jock straps! You act as if we were advocating the overthrow of the English government! What terrible things must the Prince defend himself from? That he would like to visit San Francisco? We think you choose to take this article much more seriously than it asks to be taken. And as far as gossip going out of style, tell that to People Magazine, the Washington Post and Rona Barrett. Gossip will go out of style when people stop being curious about other people. It is, after all, merely another word for speculation, the foundation stone of science, religion and civilization. The English Royal Family is hardly a sacred cow to the English press. It astounds us that you are alleging that they are in your country.

—Ed.

OOPS! We would like to apologize to Bill Hunter, whose magnificent photos adorned our Rio article in issue 54. These photos were mistakenly credited to Paulo Sergio Pestana, our Rio correspondent. Bill Hunter may live in New York, but he is indeed the man who went south of the equator, camera in hand, to bring 'em back alive and in color. Thanks, Bill, and keep those photos coming.



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TOUCH & GO

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Sebastian and Miss Catherine welcome you to our special all-photo (well, almost all-photo) issue. At first we didn't know whose legs we wanted to get between most. Sebastian's small expensive but seemed a little tired, having had everything between his legs, including the Eiffel Tower. When we asked Miss Catherine, she became somewhat confused; she, well, she babies. Doctor. So here we are with old reliable. Everyone is wearing white swim suits. In fact, this whole issue was edited and art directed with our staff in white trunks. Hey come on, pull on your white trunks before you read another word. You know which ones we mean, the ones the water makes so transparent that, like Miss Catherine here, you become a scandal to the jaybirds. There now. Those trunks hug you real tender. Why, we should have you babbling in no time.

COMIC NOIR: Meet the Spirit, the cultiest comic hero at the moment, a baby-doll bruiser who manages to have a bigger basket in baggy pants than Superman does in leotards. He doesn't fly. He doesn't hulk out. He doesn't even wear a costume except for a sexy skin-tight mask. He's just an ordinary Joe who fights crime. Well, not so ordinary. He's an ex-cop who's legally dead and decided to come back undercover—that's why he calls himself the Spirit. O.k., but what's the big deal. Well, our hero was actually drawn 40 years ago, written for adults in the Sunday newspapers during World War II. He has been resurrected yet again in reprints sold by Kitchen Sink (Box 7, Princeton, WI 54968; \$2 an issue), an underground comics enterprise. Will Eisner, the Spirit's creator, was an admirer of O. Henry and he used elaborate plot lines with as many twists as a mountain road (some of the stories were even authored by the young Jules

Feiffer). Fabulous, bizarre, the art work is strictly Forties *film noir*. Shadows stretch across faces, matches illuminate rooms, neon signs blink across cityscapes. The Spirit, meanwhile, is constantly dodging femmes fatales—even his fiancée with the sweetheart face who's always wondering when he's going to marry her. All the other women in the strip are total voluptuaries, slinky as Lauren Bacall but hiding knives in their garters. Totally aggressive, with all their sexual buttons pushed, when they meet the Spirit they either want to fuck him or beat him up. These are obviously girls after our own heart. They will rip off his shirt or yank him back by the hair and give him a big, sloppy Joan-Crawford-lipstick kiss. No wonder his bulge is always bulging. That's the spirit!

—Jerry Mills



ROBERT CHIARELLO

ATTA BOY, BABS!: In her next movie, *Yentl*, a possible Christmas 1981 release, Babs will play an Orthodox Jew at a time in history when Jewish people didn't educate their women; so she has to dress as a man to go to school. In the Broadway version, *Yentl* even married a woman to enhance her disguise. Will Streisand go this far? And if she does, who will get this coveted role? Ryan O'Neal? Incidentally, Barbra is also set to direct the movie, which she should do well having had so much experience directing every movie she ever made. However, this will be her first directing job, on the record. Watch out, Nancy Walker.

—Steven Warren



BACK AT THE HIDEOUT...

HAW HAW
THOUGHT YOU WUZ
SMART..EH? WHEN
HOMACYDE GITS
BACK HERE, WE'RE
GONNA..



NOW
THIS IS
WHAT I AM
CALLING!
A MAN!

DON'T
YOU
DARE
KISS
HIM!!

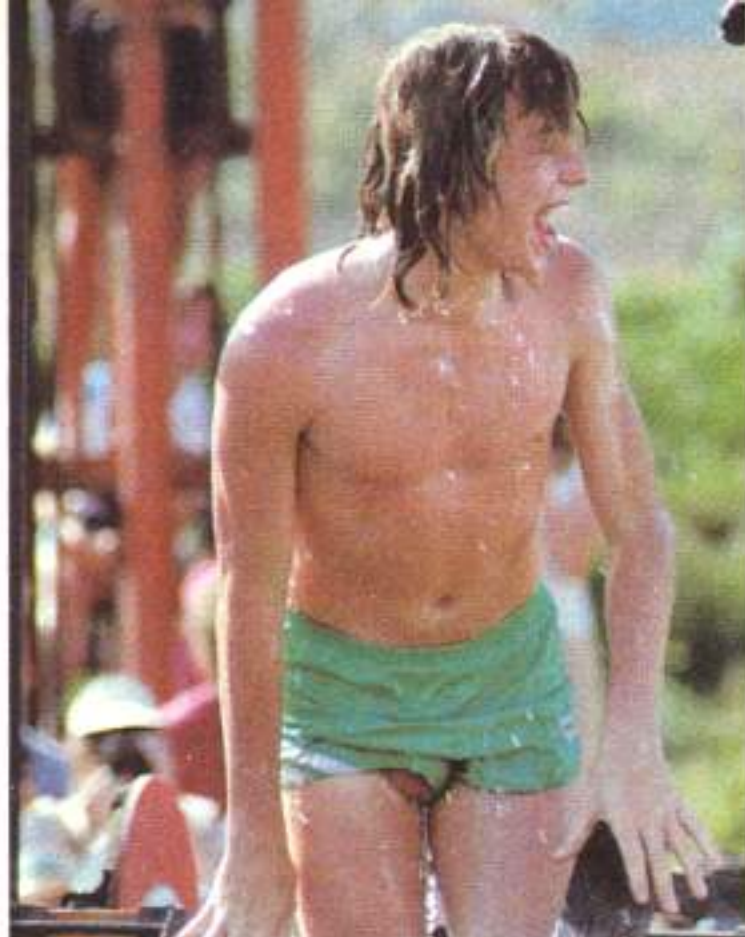
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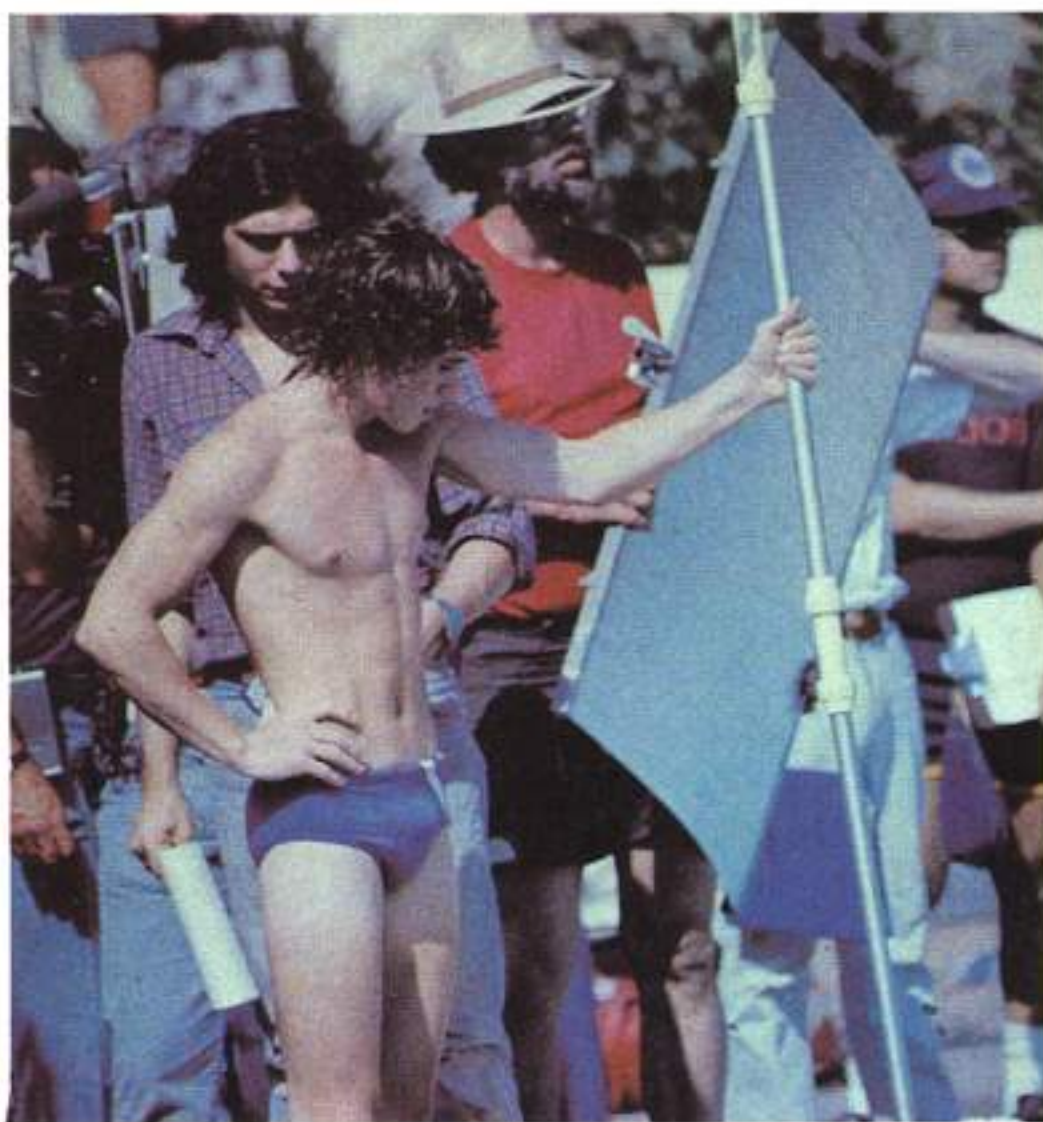
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COME, DOLLINK,
WE GET
MARRIED!!





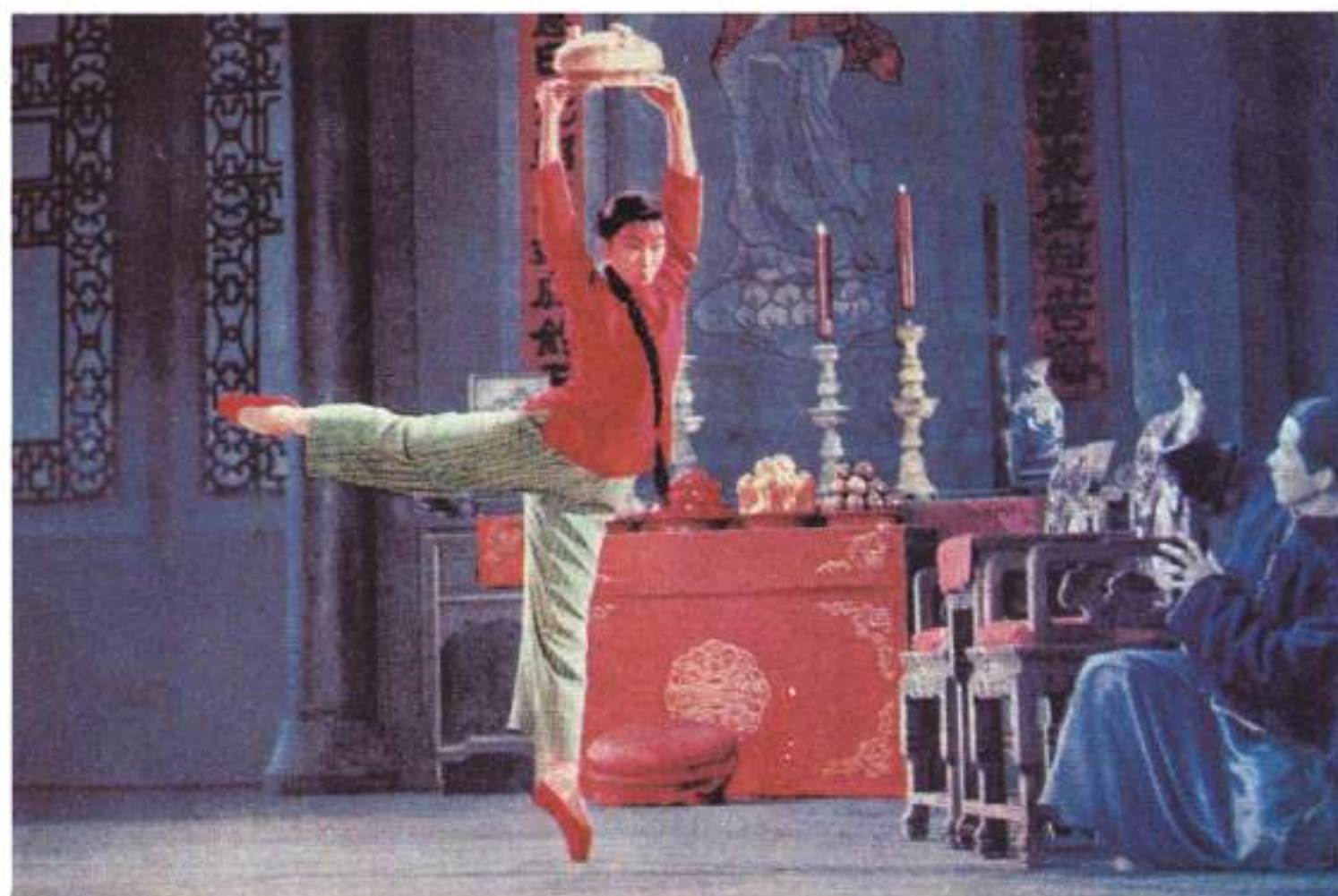
SWIM MEET: O.K., you grippers and complainers, here are some better shots, from ABC's *Battle of the Stars*. Willy Aames (below) giving us meat and Leif Garrett (left) providing the potatoes.



JOE TIFFENBACH

TWO MORE VICTIMS OF DONNA SUMMER: University researchers have determined that "high-level noise—such as that frequently found in discos—causes homosexuality in mice and deafness in pigs." Gee, we always thought it was the other way around. Of course, this university is located in Ankara, Turkey, not exactly a bastion of modern science. The Aegean University even went on to say that

disco music might do the same to men. Just picture it—a whole generation of laborers and camel drivers turned into shirtless queens with tambourines. One day, they're bully soccer players, butting heads on the playing field and the next they're discussing the relative merits of Tennessee Williams heroines. A university in Ankara, huh? Well, now we know why they call it Turkey.

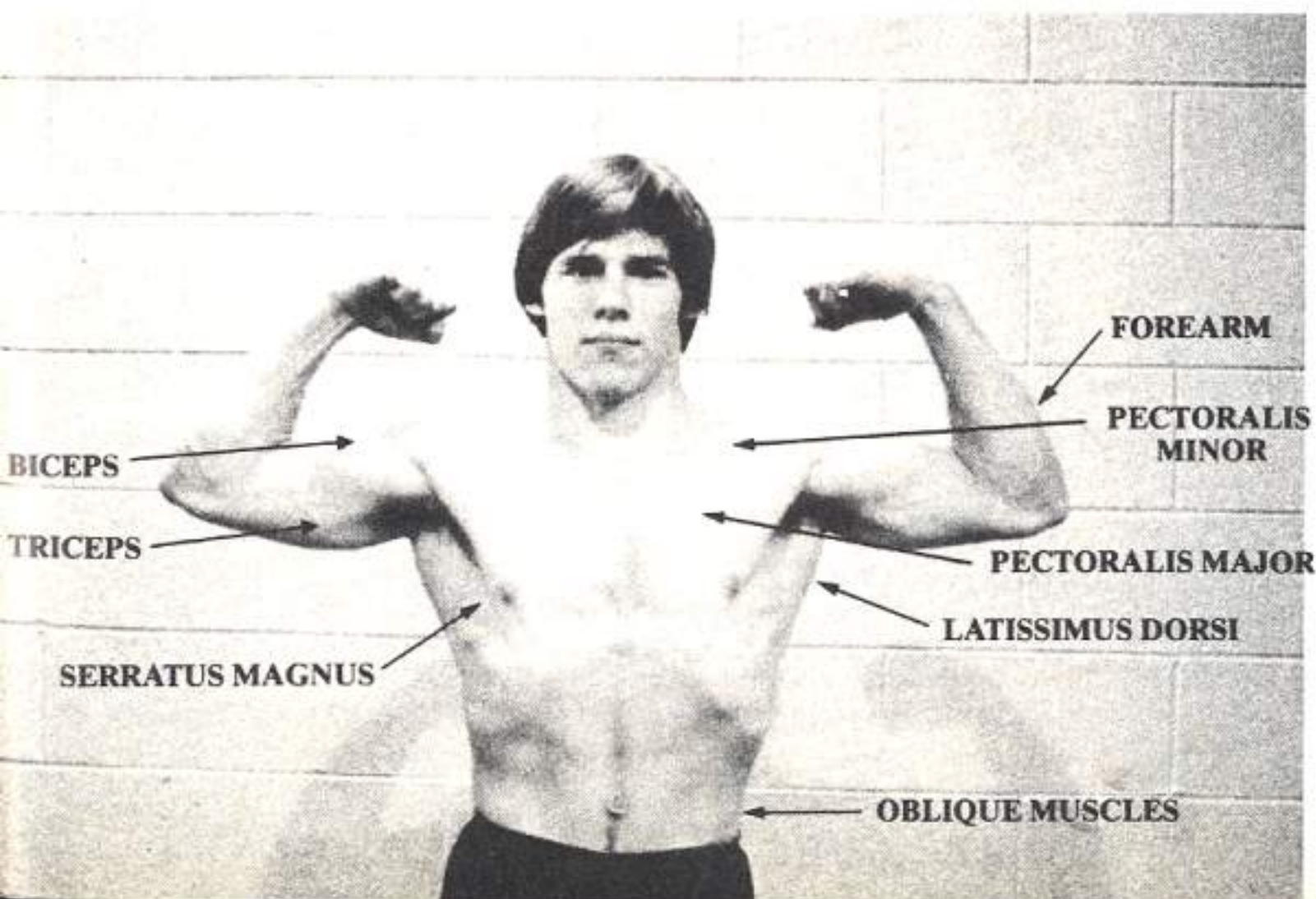
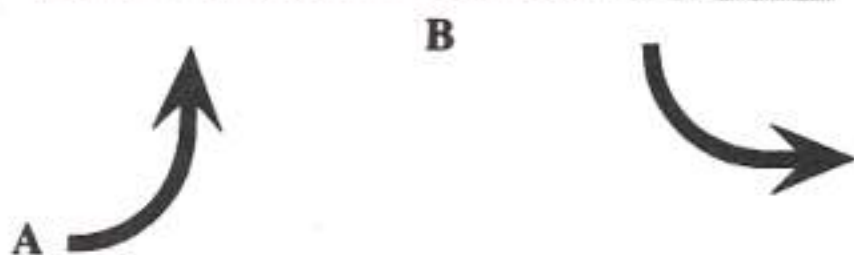
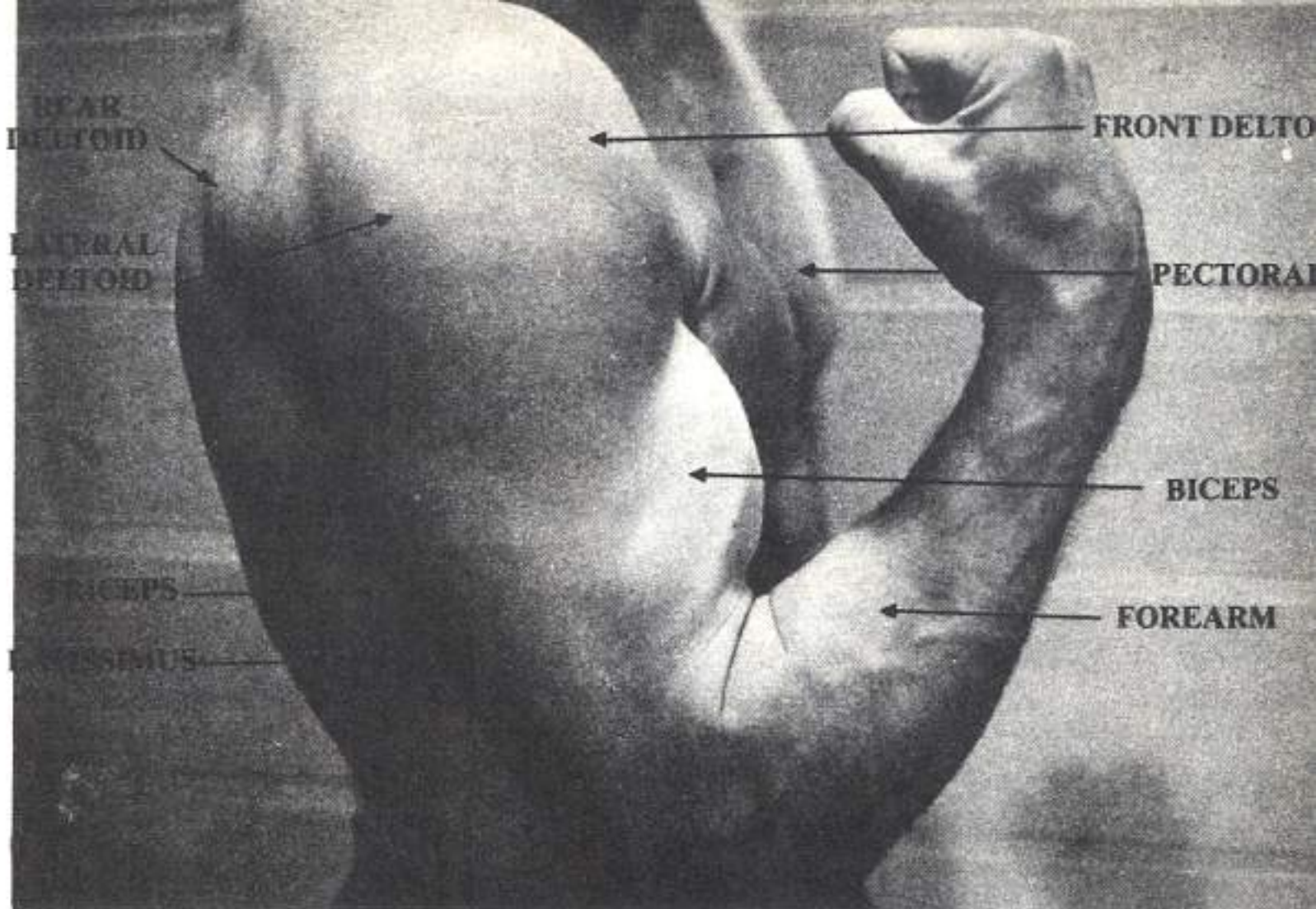


HEY MOM, WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

Chicago's *Gaylife* tells us that a housewife in Winnipeg, Canada "got the shock of her life when she went into a local bookstore to purchase *The Joy of Cooking* and instead picked up *The Joy of Gay Sex*. Upon returning home, she opened the index to 'chicken' in hopes of preparing a meal for her family and almost got a case of heart failure. In her rage, she managed to have *The Joy of Gay Sex* removed from the shelves of that bookstore in Manitoba."

This picture, by the way, from what the Red Chinese used to term "Modern Revolutionary Ballet" (that is, propagandistic horse manure) has a sure camp absurdity that not only suits our housewife in Winnipeg but nicely represents the wacky selection found at one of our favorite postcard shops in the whole, wide world: Quality Postcards, 1402 Grant, San Francisco, CA 94133.

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF "GREAT BOOKS": If you're a teenager (and what card-carrying gay man isn't) then you need *Working Out with Weights* by Steve Jarrel (Arco Publishers, 219 Park Avenue South, N.Y.C. 10003; \$4.95), a manual designed for High Schoolers who want to "get the most from their bodies." As you see here, the manual (it's really a book but we like using "manual" in this context) is loaded with pictures of 18-year-olds who have impressed the coach-author with bodies they've gotten the most out of and here demonstrate that knack for others. Super set after super set is painstakingly shown, with diet, vitamin and work-out advice aimed squarely at the needs—those very real needs—of the teenage body. Easily, this is one of the most specific and helpful books on the subject and we recommend it to any of our teenage readers who plan to make their mark at the Olympics, the Saint or the Probe.



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THE GOLDEN

"Did you come to tell me I was polluting the sport? A coll

by WILLIAM BELL

TV wrestling is a ritual with me. I wrestle on the state college team so I know what those pro guys do is only for entertainment and not really a sport. But I watch it for the chance of seeing Kyle Mason, alias The Golden Gladiator. Kyle's a turn-on, all right: a 220-pound piece of hunky action in a plumed helmet and gold boots. I get a hard-on just looking at him and remembering the time I spent going over every inch of that hot body with my tongue. Knowing I've had my prick up that lovely ass. Knowing I've had that lovely prick up me.

Meeting the Golden Gladiator was very simple. I was wrestling on the high school team in my hometown of Calypso, Georgia. The Calypso Coyotes. I was wrestling 152-pound class and I was hot in more ways than one. The team was in Atlanta for the state finals. I won both my matches but Calypso came in second in the meet overall.

Semester break was on and I had my folks' permission to stay in Atlanta for the weekend. I was high on my personal triumph and definitely ready for some relaxation. In a way I was sorry to miss the bus trip back to Calypso, a trip on which, without the supervision of Coach Reynolds who was traveling in his car with the co-captains, my team mates would mess around outrageously on the bus.

Once on a trip to South Carolina, somebody started a kissing game where you kissed a guy on the mouth and he had to pass it on. If you resisted, you were out of the game. Some of the guys opened up and let themselves get Frenched and really got into it. Jocks get very horny on the road. Being certified he-men, nobody takes the sex play very seriously. It's just another form of rough house.

I checked into the Atlanta YMCA with some nightlife guides. That's when I first saw the Golden Gladiator. He was growling in an ad for a pro-wrestling match. It was his Roman gladiator costume that caught my eye. This, I thought, would be a goof. Most scholastic wrestlers hate the idea of freaks using the sport for monetary gain but a wild streak in me enjoys a lot of things jocks are turned off by, or pretend to be.

I took a bus to the grubby arena where the Gladiator was fighting and got a ticket in the cheap seats. The place suggested a stable: there was straw on the floor and it



Illustration by TEDDY

GLADIATOR

“The jock told me that once and I beat his ass.”

smelled like a zoo. Little kids were running around the aisles flying paper airplanes.

In the ring a big slob in farmer overalls was slamming the hell out of two regular-sized guys. He banged their heads together and laid on top of them and it was so hokey that all I could do was laugh. The ref counted them out. The crowd booed and threw paper cups at the winner.

Then the Golden Gladiator appeared, looking much sexier than he did in the ad. He took off his plumed helmet and revealed a head of dark blond curls. An attendant unclasped his breastplate and removed it, then undid his metallic skirt, leaving the Gladiator dressed in gold high-top boots and short black leather trunks that barely covered his ass. He obviously had a big cock and it was emphasized by the cut of the trunks. The crowd cheered wildly as the Gladiator waved at them.

His opponent was the snarling Ivan the Madman, who looked convincingly demented. Ivan ran across the ring before the bell and attacked the Gladiator, but the Gladiator slugged him, then came at him with clenched fists and Ivan cowered in his corner, one leg outside the ropes, begging for mercy.

This match was very hokey too. Ivan pulled a lot of dirty tricks, like gouging the Gladiator's eyes with some object he hid in his trunks when the ref was looking away. The Gladiator roared with pain as the crowd desperately tried to tell the ref what Ivan had done. I guess I got caught up in the fantasy because when Ivan tangled the Gladiator in the ropes and started choking him I found myself getting sexually aroused.

All the Gladiator's sweating muscles strained against the illegal assaults of the Madman. I wanted to take away his pain, soothe those straining muscles, suck his cock.

Ivan slammed the Gladiator into a corner post and I jumped up howling with a raging hardon. I saw myself licking his balls while he moaned in agony from the beating he was taking. The crowd turned quiet as the beating went on. Men around me were breathing funny, like they were getting really turned on watching this big helpless beauty suffer.

Then the whole thing changed. The Gladiator struggled to his feet and started smashing Ivan. The Madman turned into a coward again, holding up his hands and begging the Gladiator to stop but the curly-haired hero kept up the assault. The

crowd went wild, cheering him on. The Gladiator seemed to use his last ounce of pounce as he punched Ivan into a stupor and fell on top of him to win the match.

While the ring announcer was declaring the winner, Ivan struggled to his feet and tried to hit the Gladiator from behind. The Gladiator broke from the ref, who was holding his hand up, and chased Ivan out of the ring. The crowd loved it and so did I.

I did not watch the next match but, on impulse, followed The Golden Gladiator to the dressing rooms. The arena was so rinky-dink, nobody stopped me. I stood outside the door he went through and listened. Several men were talking inside but I couldn't make out what they were saying. Then two hoody-looking characters came out and gave me a stare. They disappeared down the hallway and I knocked at the door.

"It's open," a voice said. I went in.

The Golden Gladiator was sitting naked on a bench toweeling sweat off his chest and stomach. His boots and trunks were on the floor beside him. He looked up, holding the towel in front of his crotch for a moment then resumed toweeling down his enormous thighs and calves. I had enough locker room practice not to stare even though I wanted to. The wrestler laughed.

"What are you, a fan or something?" he asked.

"Actually, I'm a wrestler," I answered.

The Gladiator observed me closely and grunted like he was amused. "You don't look like a wrestler."

"I just won my class at the high school state finals!"

"Oh, one of those," he said. He tossed the damp towel away. His thick cock lay to one side, the head caressing his inner thigh. Rope-like veins coursed along the thick shaft. Like all jocks, he was casual about his nakedness.

"Did you come to tell me I was polluting the sport? A college jock told me that once and I beat his ass."

"You're giving the people what they want."

"Damn straight." The Gladiator smiled. Slowly he stood up. He was more than a head taller than me and outweighed me by about seventy pounds. "My friends call me Goldie," he said, offering his hand. I couldn't tell if he was being serious. "Real name's Kyle Mason. I like that better actually." His handshake was firm and warm. It sent a mild charge of electricity

up my arm.

"I'm Rick Bailey of the Calypso Coyotes," I said.

Footsteps pattered down the hall. "Let's try this one," a boy's voice said. The door flew open and half a dozen grade-school boys piled into the room. Kyle modestly wrapped a towel around his waist, giving me a big smile.

"The Golden Gladiator!" one of the kids yelled. "It's him!"

"What's up, men?" Kyle said.

A red-haired boy spoke for the group. "Can we have your autograph?" Several kids held out souvenir programs.

"Three for a quarter," Kyle said.

"Aw," the smallest boy said.

"He's only kiddin'," the redhead said.

"You really smashed Ivan," another piped.

Kyle asked each of them their names. He sat down and wrote a personal inscription on each program as the kids all talked at once.

"Can I feel your muscle?" one said.

"Feel away," Kyle said. He flexed slightly as the kids squeezed his shoulders and biceps. Their little hands were all over Kyle's massive arms, fondling him the way one might fondle a tame bear, gingerly and respectfully. Kyle put up with this for a while then shook them off.

"O.K. guys," he said. "I got to shower and catch a plane."

"Let's go find Ivan the Madman," the red-haired boy said.

"Give him a kick in the ass for me," Kyle said. The boys laughed and trooped out, happily clutching their autographs. I almost left with them but something held me back. Kyle looked at me.

"You want to feel my muscle, too?" he said. I was afraid it was a put-down but he gave me a big smile. "Why don't you hang in while I take a shower?" he said. "I'll buy a fellow wrestler a brew. You old enough to drink brew?"

"Shit, yes," I said.

Kyle smiled mischievously. "Second thought, can you wash backs? I like to have my back washed."

My instinct was to rebel at lackey treatment but I felt he didn't mean to be insulting. I decided his invitation was from one jock to another. The possibilities seemed more than interesting.

"You wash mine?" I asked.

"Whatever."

The situation was getting hot. Kyle

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threw his towel over a locker door. He stood naked, looking kind of serious, waiting for me to make a move.

"What about your airplane?" I said.

"My what? Oh, that was bullshit. I got nothing to catch but some shit from my old lady if I don't make it home tonight. Strip down, Boy Wonder. I'll see you in the shower."

Kyle padded across the room and locked the outer door, then he went through a frosted glass door into the shower room. I heard a rush of water from the shower head and the slapping sound of the big wrestler soaping down. For a moment I almost panicked and split, but the image of soapy water streaming over Kyle's enormous body was too much to resist. I shucked off my clothes and opened the door to the shower stall.

Steam rolled down the white tiles. Mistily I saw Kyle soaping his crotch with both hands. He stood taking the full blast of hot water in his face. His hair was plastered back, water coursing down his pecs and muscle-rippled belly. He turned to soap his big meaty behind. He seemed to pay me no attention as he spread the thick lather on the backs of his legs then faced me full frontally. Soap matted his blond pubic hair and streamed off his cock. He handed me the soap.

"Do my back."

I lathered Kyle's back and blood rushed past my temples louder than the shower spray.

"I take back what I said about you not looking like a wrestler," he said. "Get on this." He indicated his big cock.

I rubbed the soap under his balls and into his asscrack and he began soaping up my dick which sprang to attention like an eager recruit under a sergeant's command. Kyle's heavy arms encircled my shoulders and he bent his knees to bring his head even with mine. My dick pressed into his bush and I felt his excitement coming up. Soon my balls were resting on top of his enormous shaft. He slid his dick between my legs. I pressed my thighs together and caught his cock in the hot crease behind my ball sac.

Kyle moved in and out, my balls riding high. I reached under his arms and clasped his broad pillar of a back. There was a taste of chlorine in the water as our mouths met. His tongue was cold and it probed under and around mine, finally reaching my throat. I went wild, sucking his tongue into my mouth, trying to suck it in all the way to its roots.

Kyle twisted his head from side to side, smashing our mouths together. He palmed some lather from around my ass and soaped my pulsing cock with a fist grip as he kept fucking me gently under the balls.

"Don't make me come yet," I said. My voice was all choked up.

"Sure, baby. Get me off. I can come all you want. It won't even get soft."

(Continued on page 37)



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SPORTS

Photos by **RON FELSING, TROY SAXON STUDIO,**
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Additional Photography by **LAYNE NIELSON**
& **JIM YOUSLING**

Radical Action sports is the name given to those sports—like Frisbee, skateboarding, jogging—which up until five years ago were thought of as recreations. They are characterized by being solitary rather than team endeavors and—in the case of wheels here—dependant on the new technological developments in plastics, which allow for the sort of moves, articulation and competitive precision demanded by a sport.

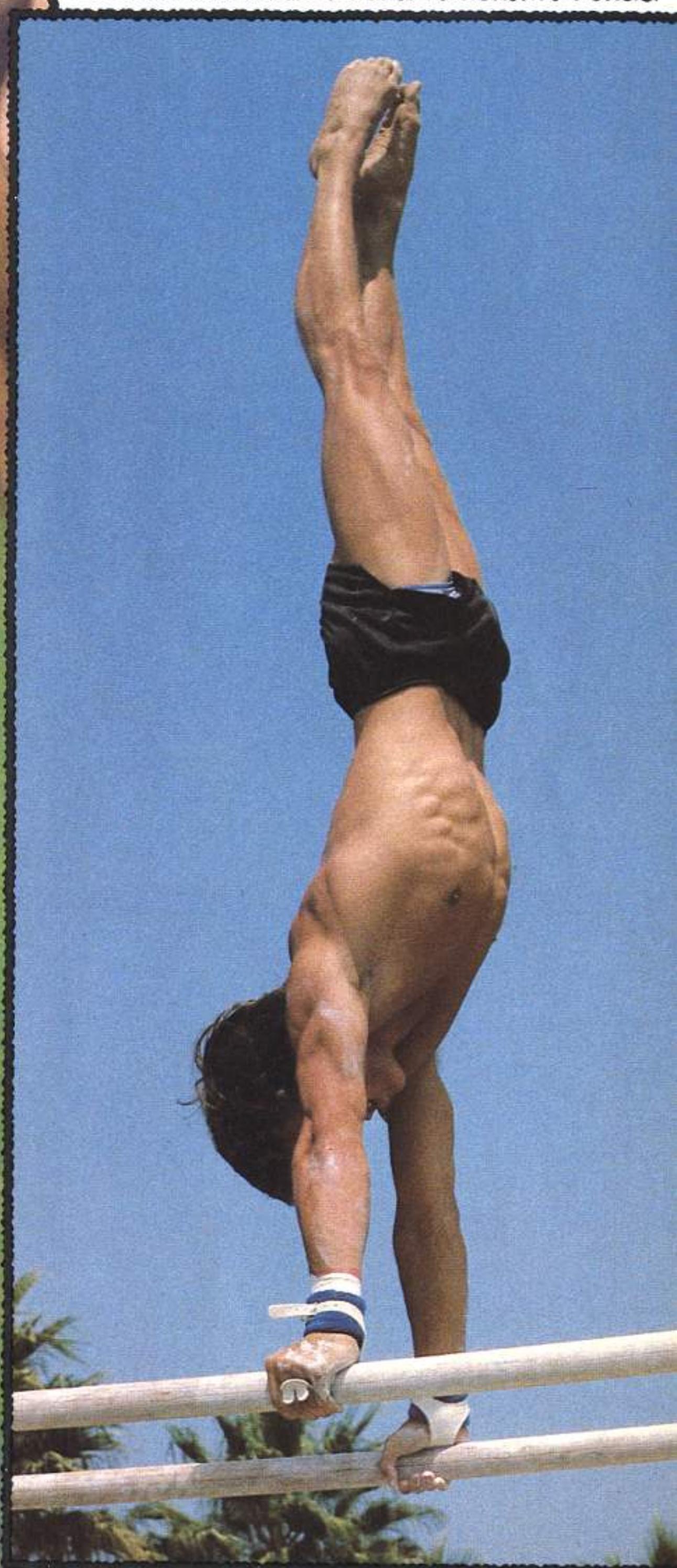
Here we see skateboards, roller-skates and a unicycle—just three of the things you can play with when you're alone.

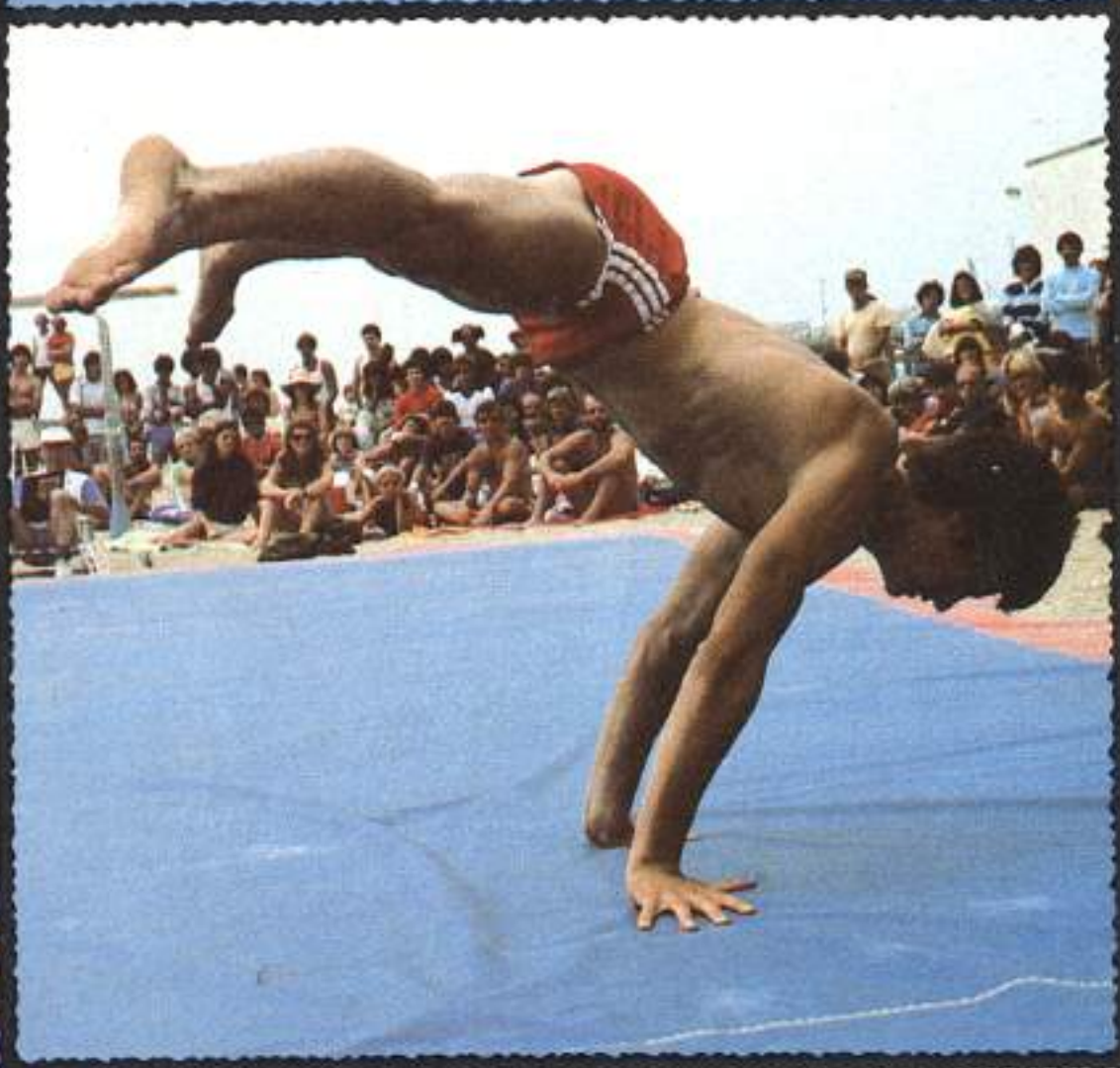
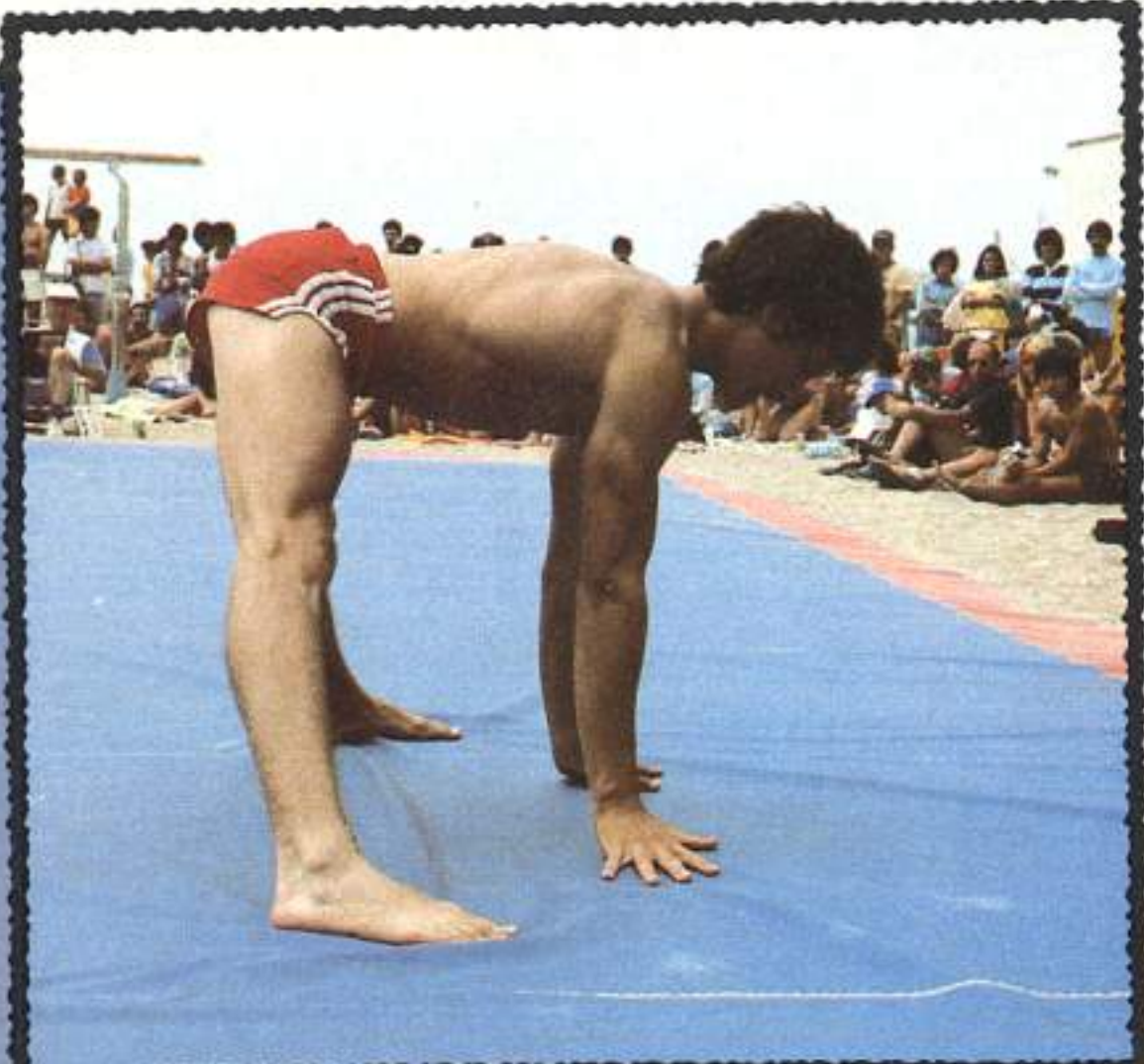
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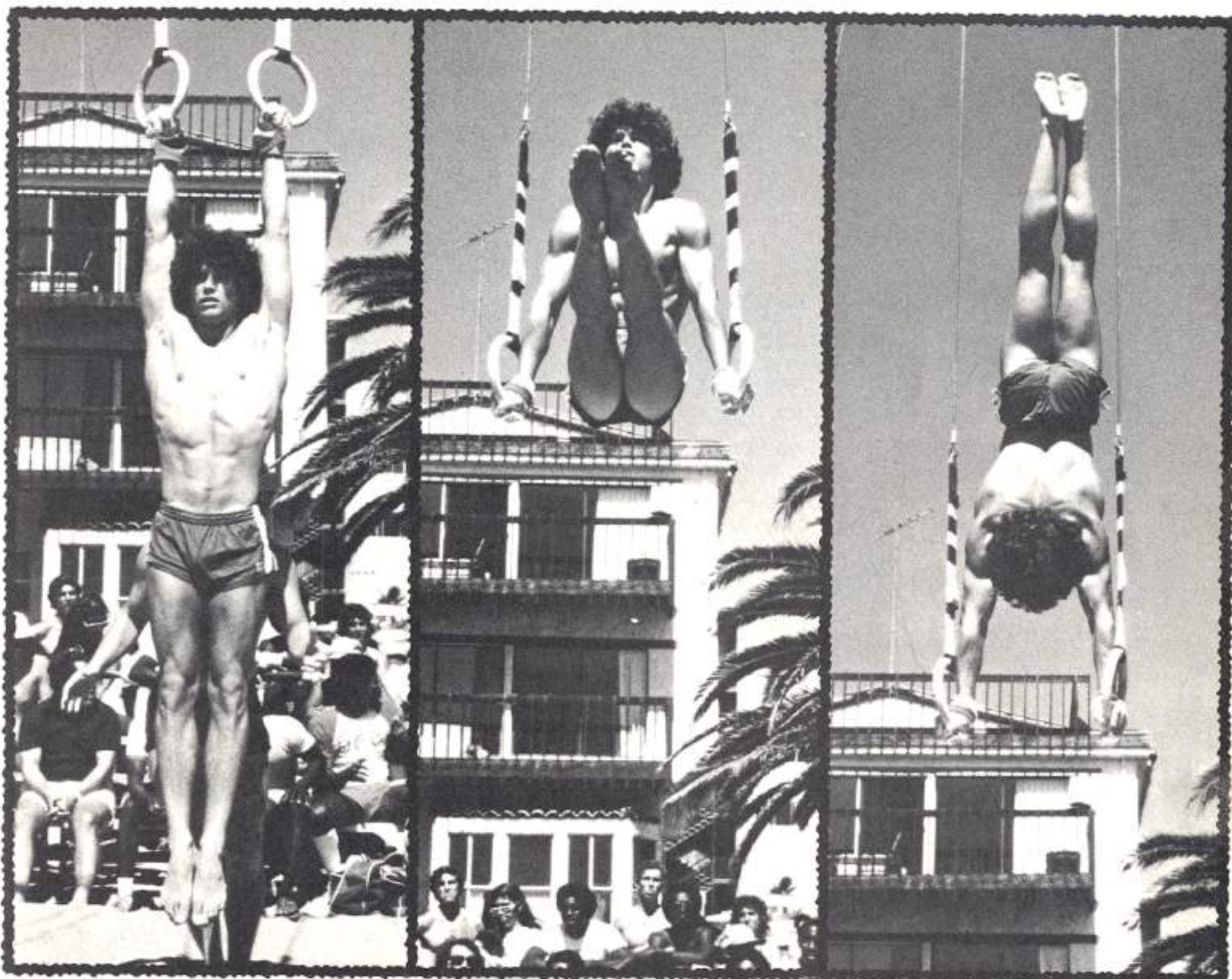




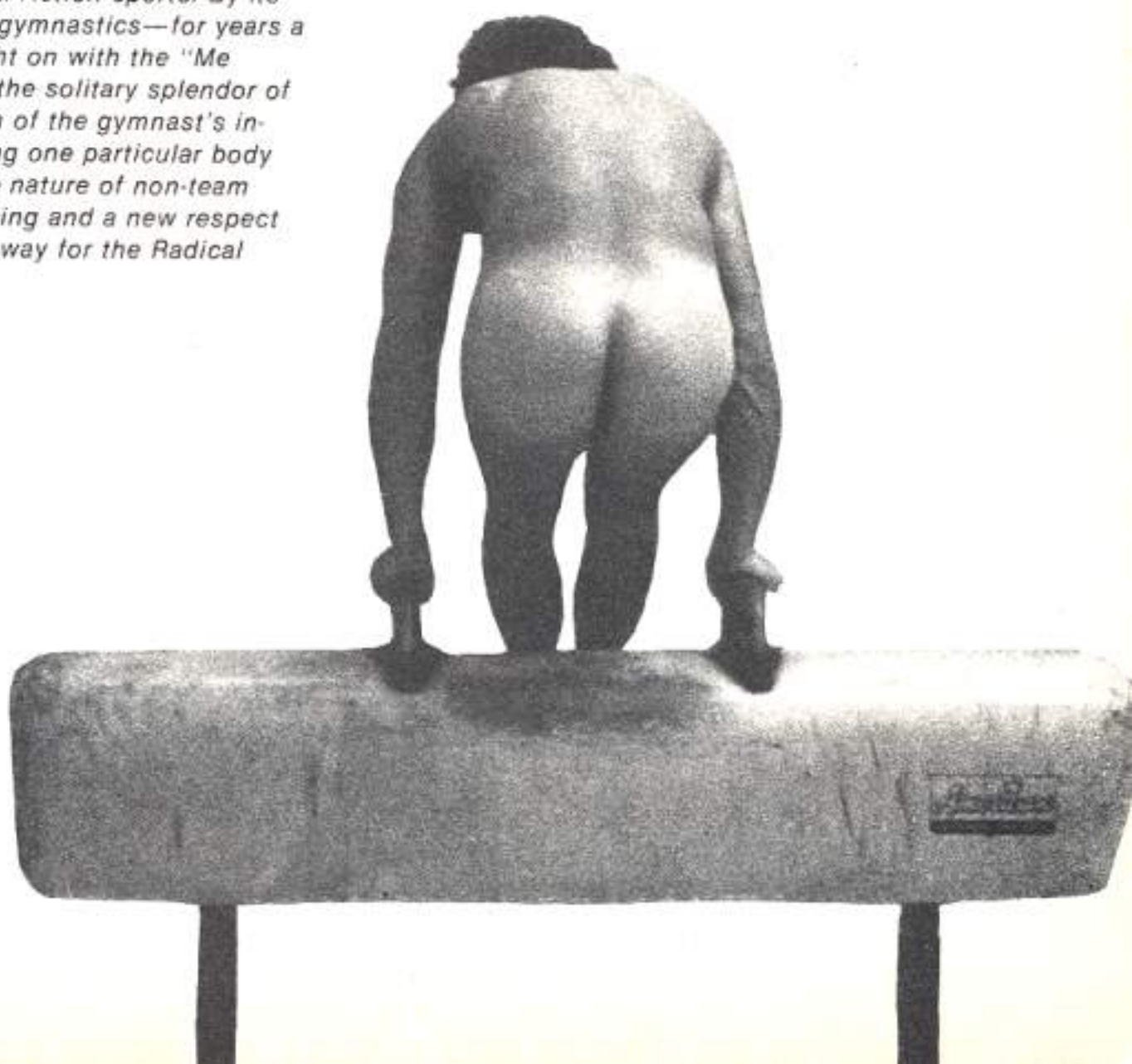
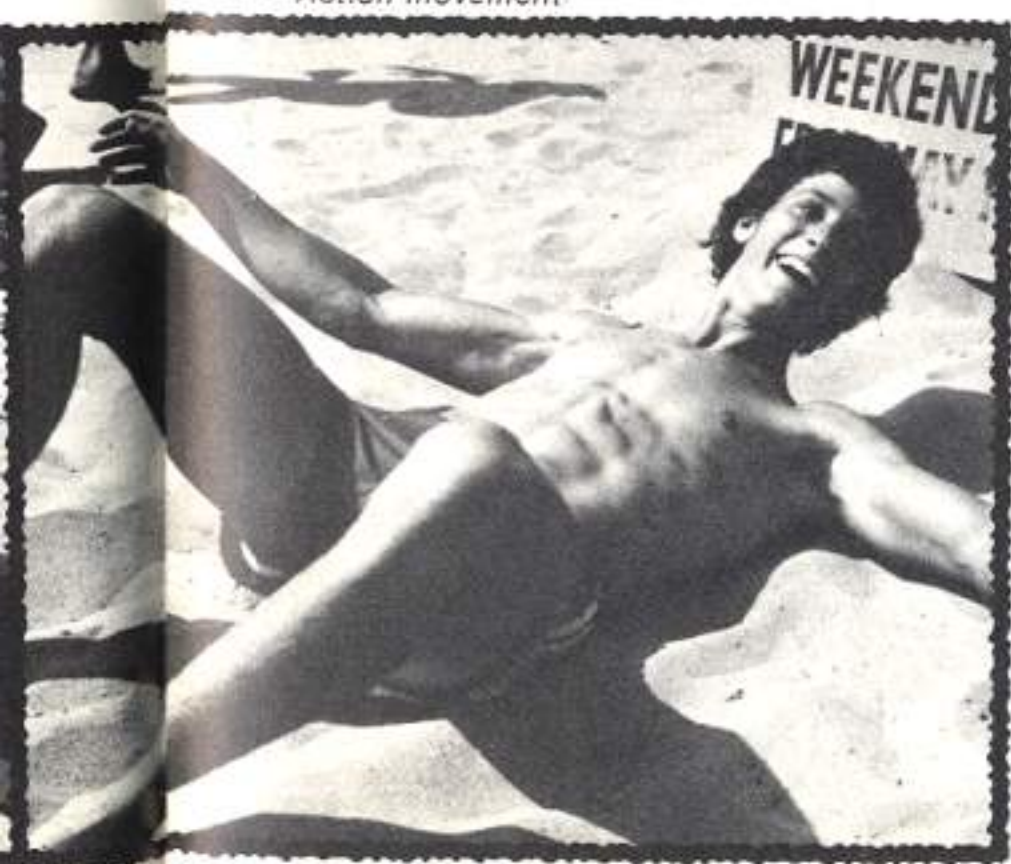
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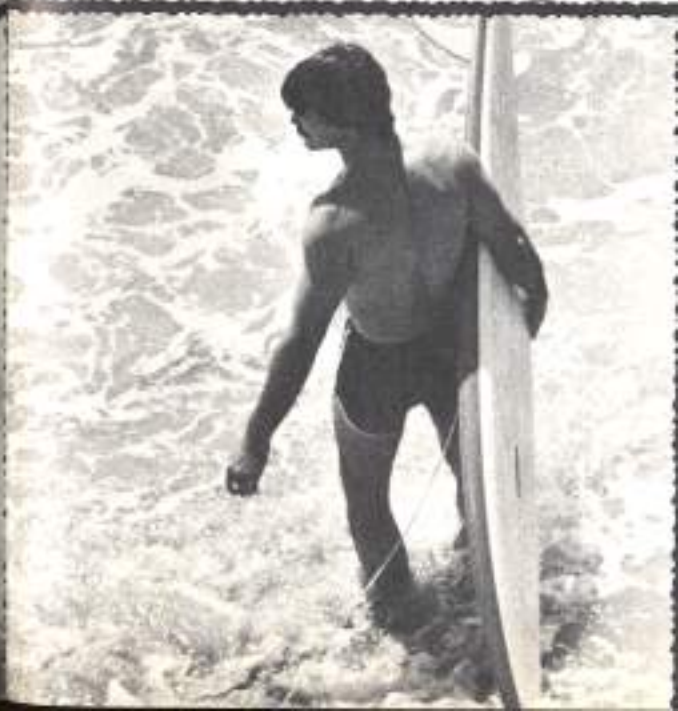


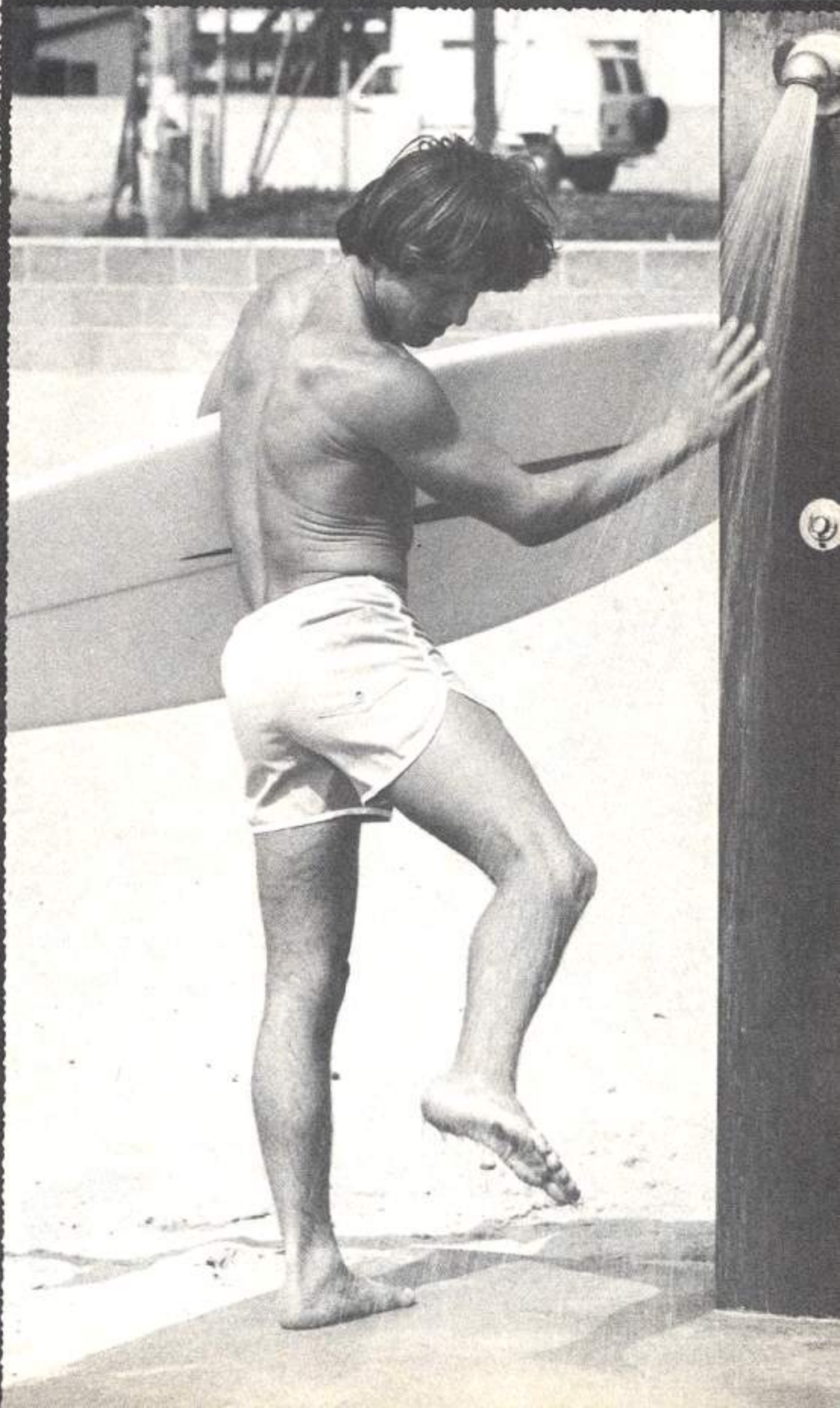
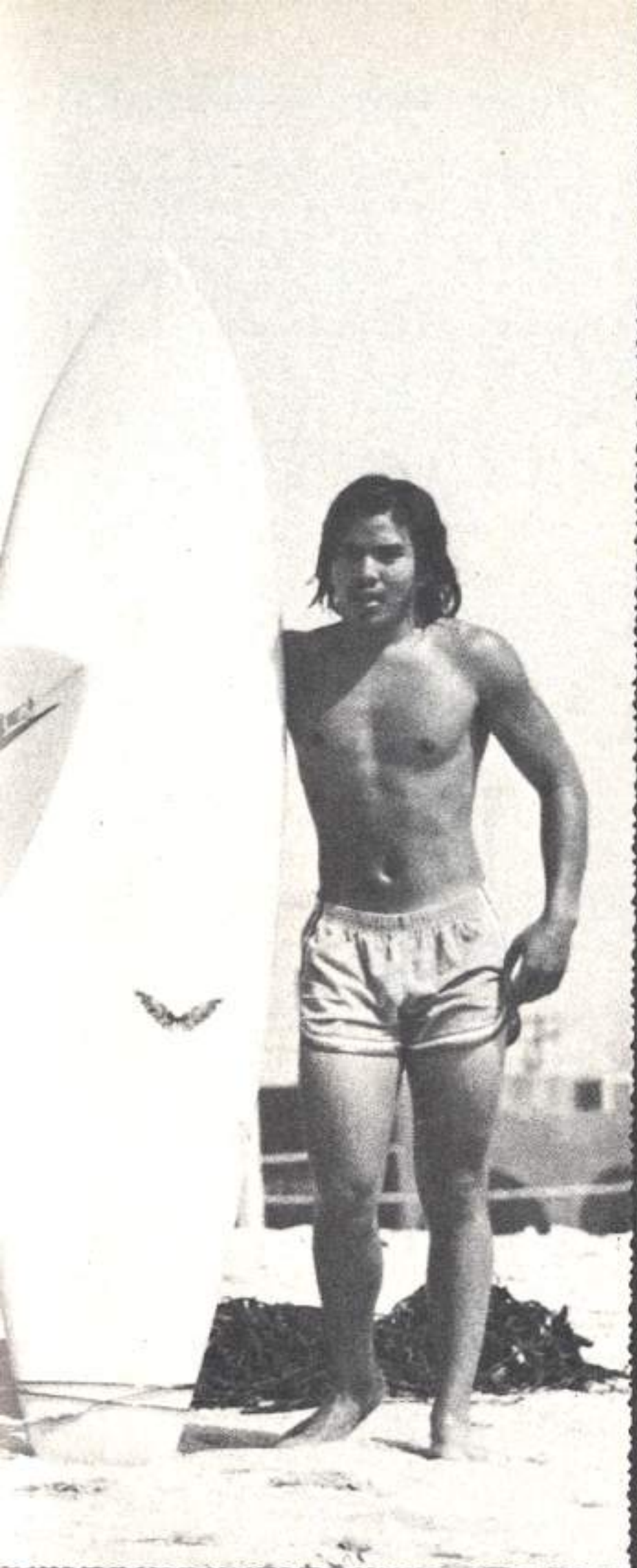


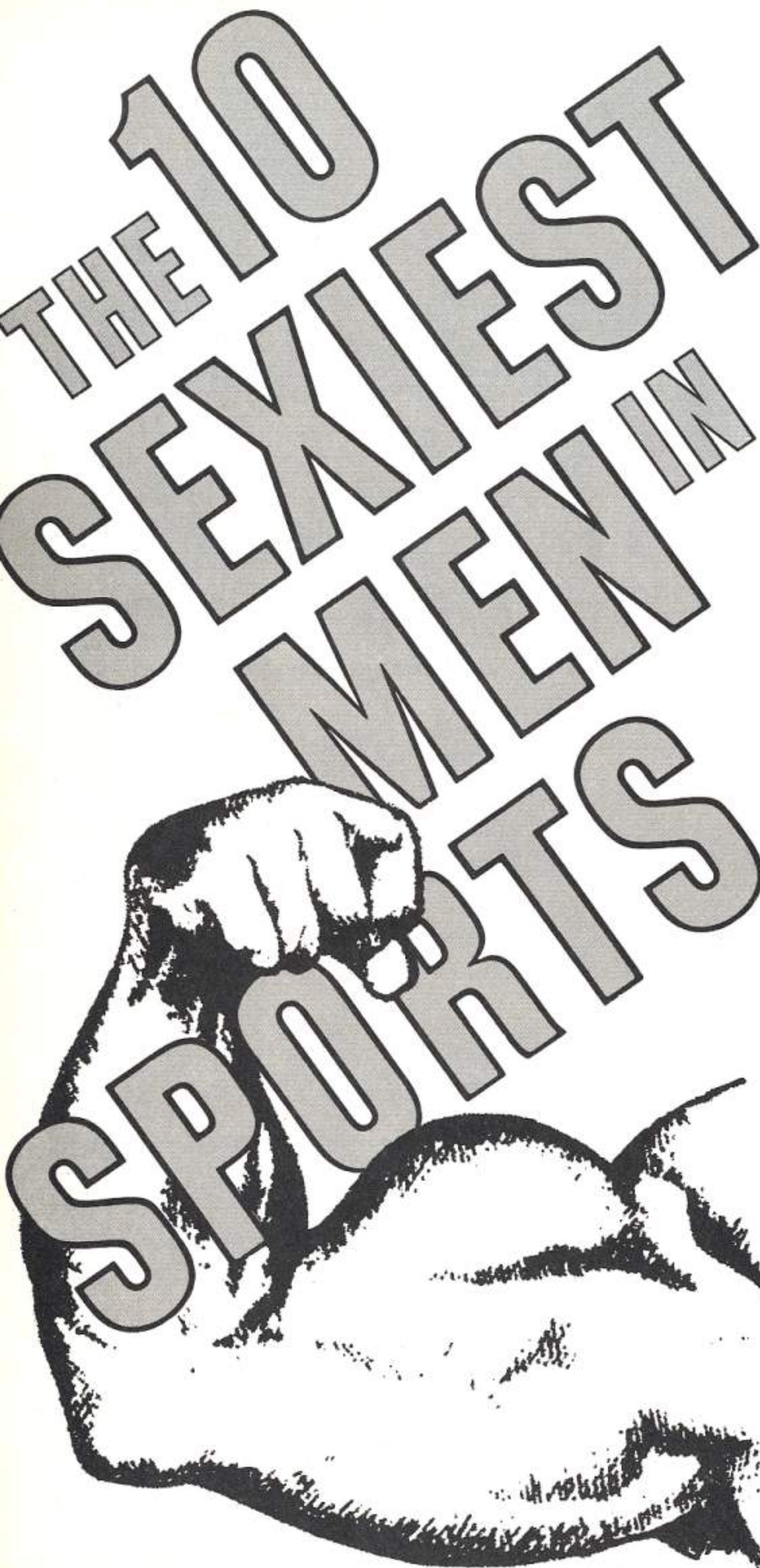
Gymnastics is easily the big brother of Radical Action sports. By its exposure at the Olympics during the Seventies, gymnastics—for years a minor and largely foreign sport—suddenly caught on with the "Me Generation" for a variety of reasons. There was the solitary splendor of the star in the spotlight, the post-LSD mysticism of the gymnast's inwardness as he concentrated solely on perfecting one particular body movement, the balletic as opposed to combative nature of non-team sports. This, along with the popularity of swimming and a new respect for weightlifting (both solitary sports) paved the way for the Radical Action movement.



S • U • R • F • I • N • G







Text and collages by HARLEY REES

What do 10 sexy pro athletes and 20 million gay men have in common?

BALLS!!!

Jockstrap fever is nothing new (certainly not to us) and today's hot jocks are seen everywhere—on TV shows, in movies, and dancing on ice skates showing off their butts and their ooh-la-la-Sassons.

With their washboard bellies, powerful arms and super thick thighs, these macho men—be they 20-year-old rookies or 40-year-old veterans—are the perfect fantasy model for any red-blooded All-American gay boy.

Remember the captain of your high school basketball team with his long arms, big feet and big hands? Remember the dreamy football quarterback who was built as solidly as the school's gymnasium? Remember the guys who sat in school all day just to rush off to practice and sweat with their teammates, only to end the afternoon in a crowded, steamy, hot shower? Remember the nights remembering the teams?

Those boys have grown up! They're now men!

Men's men who thrill to the comradeship of flipping towels at each other's asses and tossing warm jockstraps across the locker room at a special teammate's face. Men's men who cherish victory with hugs and high-fives, friendly pats on the butt for a job well done. Men's men who console each other after a defeat with long sideline embraces or a shared towel for crying. Grown-up little boys, still anticipating the big game, the glory and the magic.

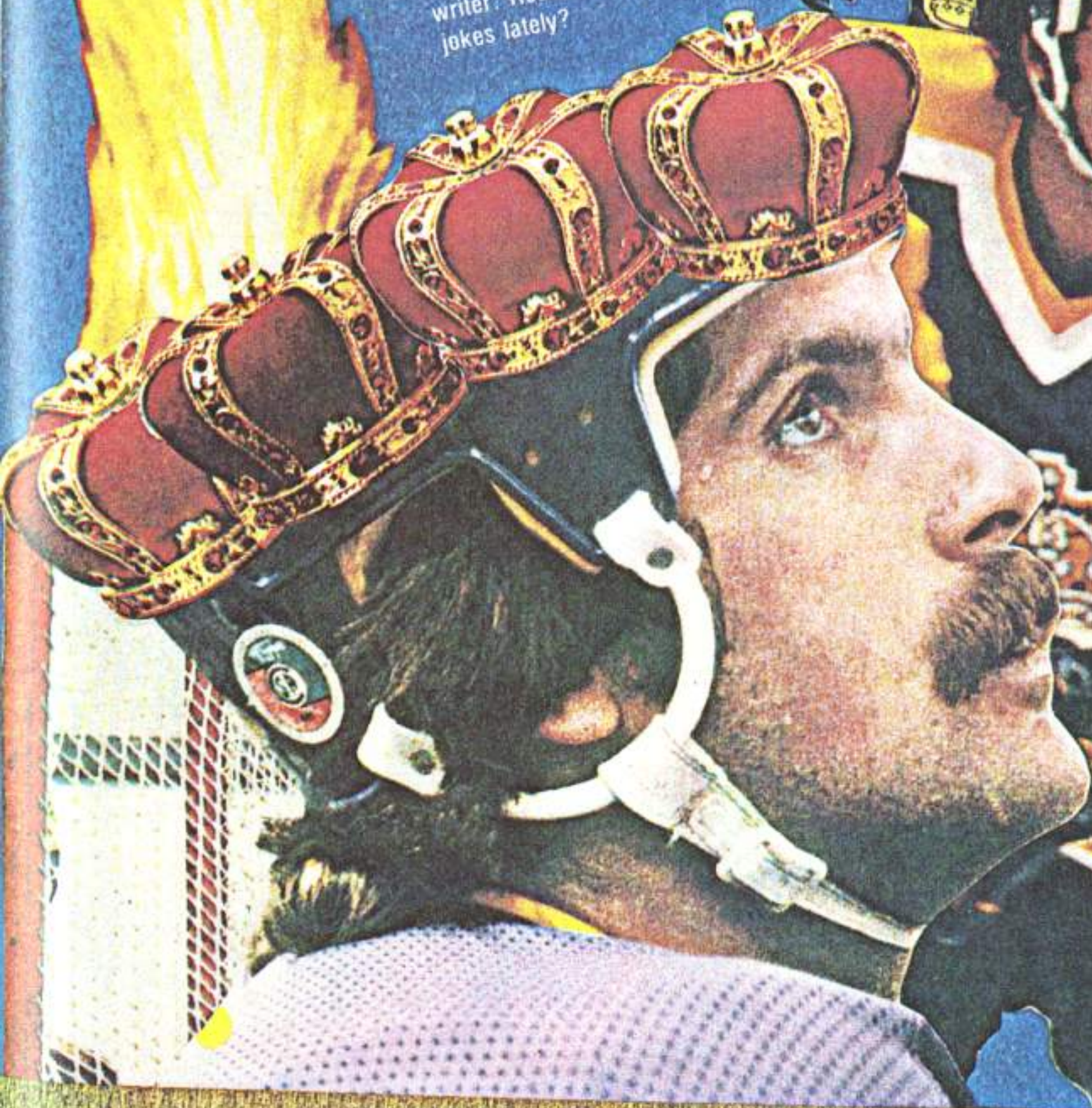
From muscles to moustaches, gay men and athletes have never had so much in common since the days of the Roman baths. And with that, we offer our 1981 list of the 10 Sexiest Men in Sports.

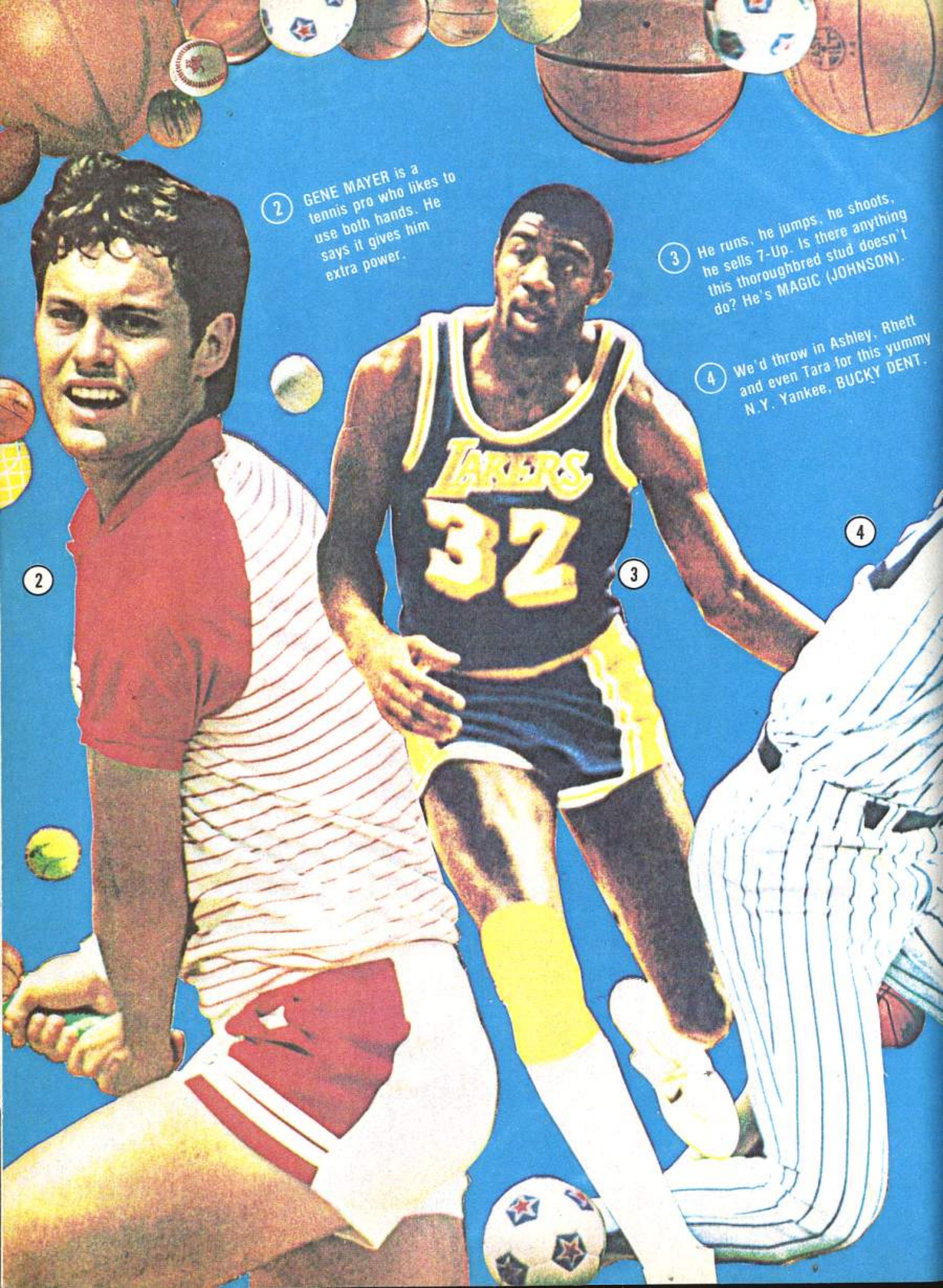
Now put on your jockstrap, grab your bat and PLAY BALL!!!

CHARLIE

HE'S A KING

1 CHARLIE SIMMER (sizzle): This hunky hockey sensation melts the ice in L.A. He also melted our type-D writer. Heard any good puck jokes lately?





2 GENE MAYER is a tennis pro who likes to use both hands. He says it gives him extra power.

3 He runs, he jumps, he shoots, he sells 7-Up. Is there anything this thoroughbred stud doesn't do? He's MAGIC (JOHNSON).

4 We'd throw in Ashley, Rhett and even Tara for this yummy N.Y. Yankee, BUCKY DENT.

2

3

4



5 In England, PETER MARINELLO was a high-scoring fashion model. Now in Phoenix, he's a high-scoring soccer player. This beauty is a real ball-kicking beast on the field. Whip it good!

6 Hard-as-a-rock motorcycle racer KENNY ROBERTS is a compact 5'5" world champion whom we'd love to hold on to at the next bike run. Va-rooom, va-rooom!

7 The one that got away is GARY THOMASSON. Traded to the Tokyo Giants, this hunk should steam up a Yashica or two.

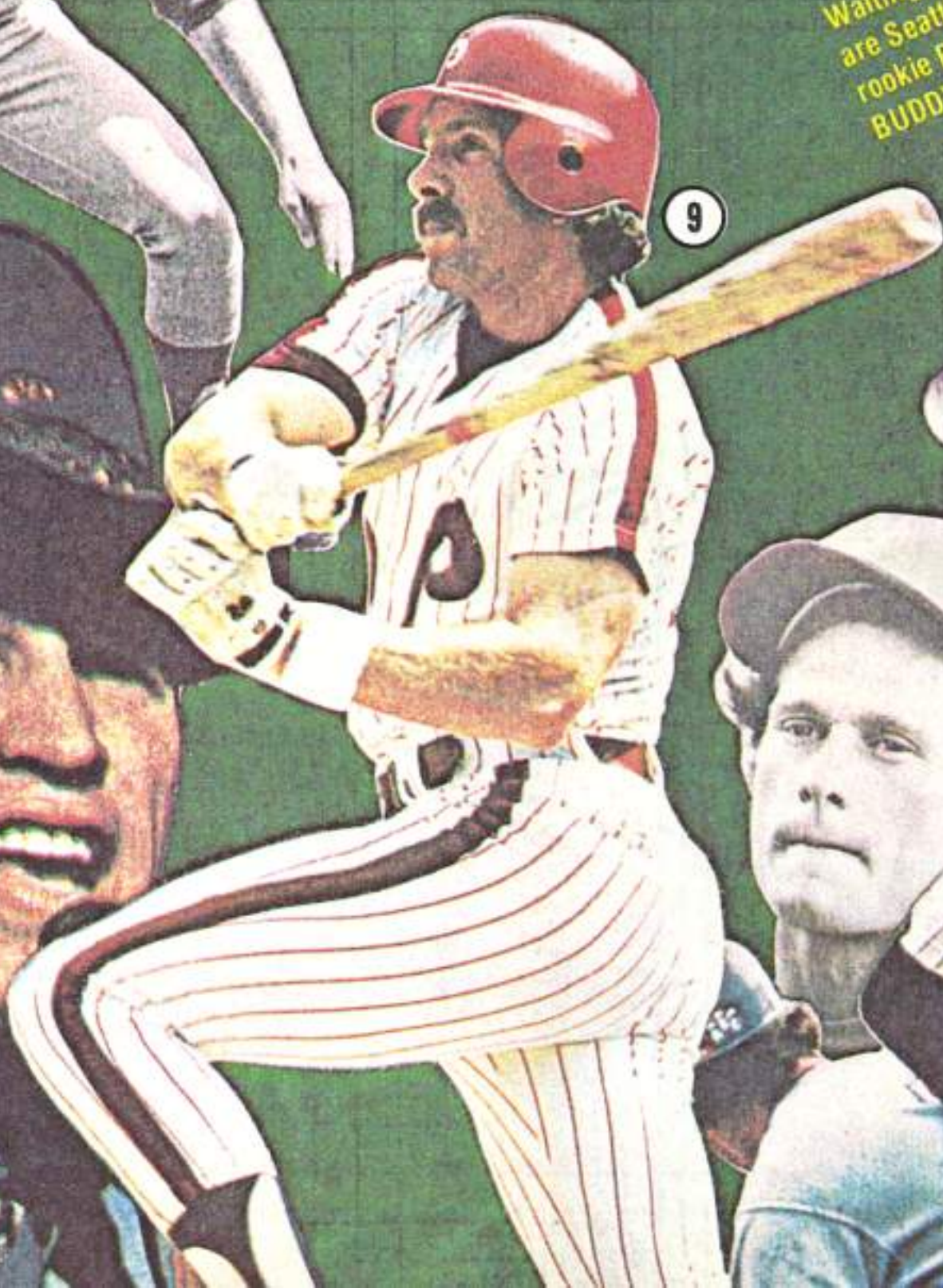
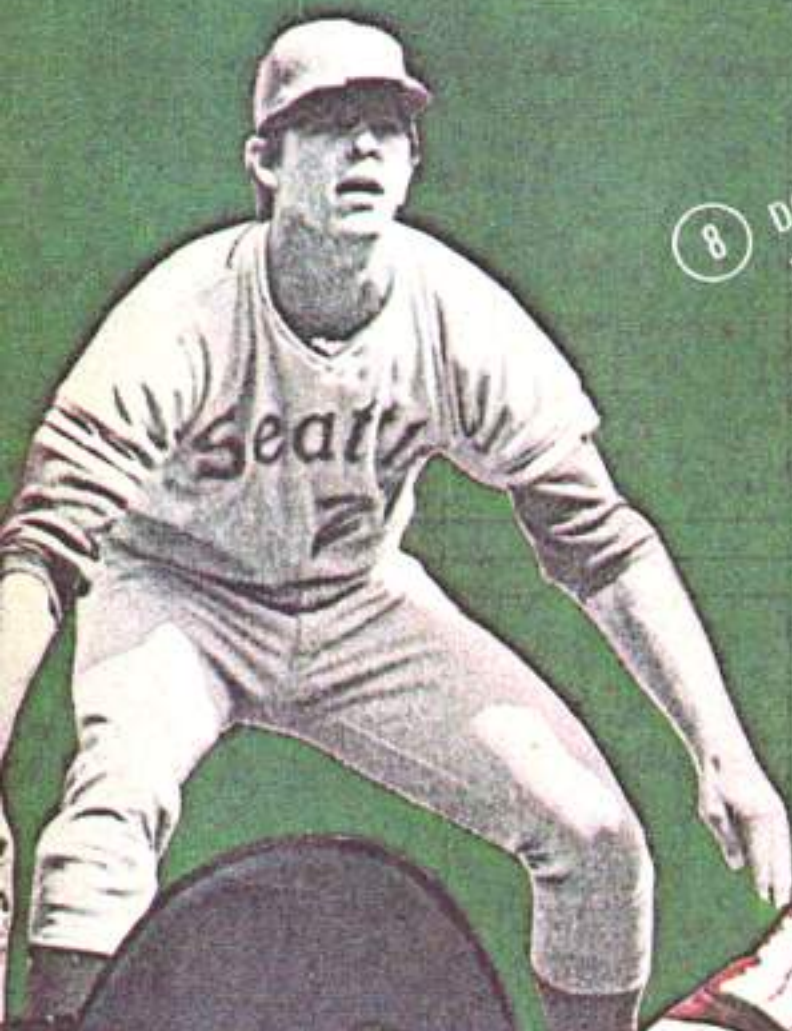


9 The biggest bat in baseball swings hard and hot in Philly and belongs to MIKE SCHMIDT . . . M.V.P.!

10 RICK CERONE is a Yankee catcher with great equipment. We certainly wouldn't mind being tagged by him as we slide into home . . . sweet home.

8 DOUG FLYNN is the singing-cowboy second baseman for the N.Y. Mets. He sings in the infield, he sings in the dug-out, he sings in the shower. Hum in our ears, Doug, and we'll pick up the soap!

Waiting in the background (black-and-white, left to right) are Seattle Mariner hunk BRUCE BOCHTE, lip licking Reds rookie PAUL HOUSEHOLDER and Texas Ranger beauty BUDDY BELL. ■■



GOLDEN GLADIATOR

(Continued from page 22)

"Really?"

"Not with you."

My knees hit the wet white tile floor. I kissed the head of the big jock's prick and let the thing slide into my mouth. I had sucked on a guy once before but this time my throat really opened up.

"Take it, bitch," Kyle growled. "Take that cock. Bite it."

I sunk my teeth into the meat, not with any great pressure but hard enough for him to suck in air quickly between his teeth. His strong fingers knotted my hair.

"Bitch," he moaned.

I couldn't argue with the insult. Kyle *had* turned me into a bitch. My mouth was as hungry for dick as any barnyard twat in heat. As he fucked into me, my teeth scratched his cockshaft and I began to realize that he dug the pain. I bit down hard and he drove his prick all the way down my throat.

"Harder!" he ordered. "Bite that thing like you *mean* it!"

I dug in so hard that I expected him to come. Kyle's neck and shoulder muscles shuddered. "Ahhh. Your mouth's better than pussy, baby," he said and drove down my throat like a demon. His breathing came fast. A puffing locomotive he was, enormous, driving. Passion, rage shivered his thighs as he fucked. Suddenly he pulled his cock out of my mouth, held me by the hair and slapped my face with the big meat. Soapy foam flew everywhere as Kyle started beating off, beating that shaft as if to subdue a wild thing. Kyle pulled my head to under his balls and I took both of them in my mouth, tasting soap.

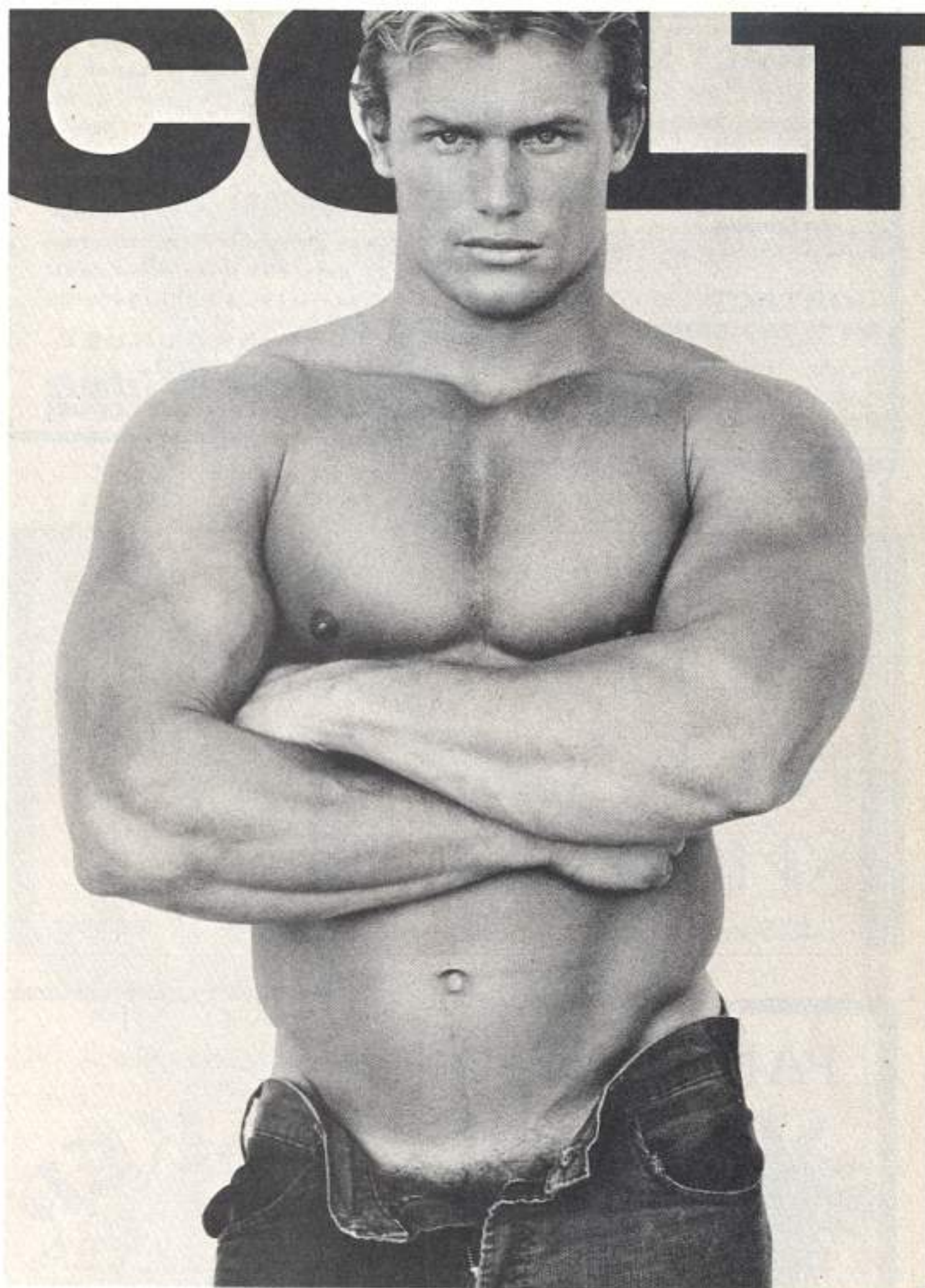
"Work those balls," he said. "Work those balls with your tongue. Yeah yeah, pull on 'em, bitch." I did everything he was telling me to do and he stroked away. I pulled his butt cheeks apart and probed him with soapy fingers. Two, three, four went in.

"Let go," he ordered. I did and he drove his cock back down my throat. A great shudder wracked his heavy frame, jarring him clear to his feet. His come thundered out. Jet after jet. Down my throat. I pulled back, then went for it, swallowed, and it filled again. Kyle was easing down now.

He wore a big smile, messed my hair and I went to suck again. His cock had relaxed a little but was still hard.

"What'd I tell you?" he said. "It's ready for more." The Golden Gladiator suddenly became cuddly and affectionate, pulling me up and kissing me. We could hear the crowd yelling in the auditorium. He had turned the shower off.

The transition wasn't easy but I knew he wanted to be the worshipper now and me the idol. He knelt in front of me, kissing my balls gently and humming sexy vibrations into them. My hard-on got harder. Kyle took it in his mouth. He ran his hands



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over my belly, grabbing muscle and kneading it.

"Fuck my butt," he said. He stood up and put his palms against the tile wall.

I lathered my swollen dick. "Do it," Kyle said. I put it to him. He purred with pleasure and I drove in for real. The hard mounds of his ass arched up to meet my thrust. It was better than girls, tighter and more accessible. The asshole begged for more and I delivered, pumping like a champ. I held Kyle tight around the middle, reached up past his armpits and grabbed his shoulders. I wrapped my legs around his, riding him like a bronco-buster.

Our breathing reverberated in the steamy shower room. Bells rang in the arena in rhythm with the thrusting that joined me to The Golden Gladiator, making of our two highly trained bodies a single hot organism tearing at itself, drilling itself to an apex of orgasmic fulfillment. The sloshing, slapping noise of fucking filled my consciousness.

My load shot into Kyle and I gave a cowboy yell.

We both rinsed off, then returned to the locker room and towed down.

"One more time and I'll buy you that beer," Kyle said. He had me lie face down on the narrow dressing bench and smeared lube on my butt. Holding my cheeks apart, he slid in. I stiffened for a moment in panic, exhaled sharply with the pain and the muscle mercifully relaxed. The big man rode me, crushing my belly to the bench and fucking hard. It felt great. The wrestler's piston thrusts focused my whole consciousness in my gut where his cock was, and in my balls. The jock smell of the room was getting me off. I felt as if I had journeyed to the very center of my own maleness. I was warmly, snugly surrounded by pure virility. Manhood surrounded me and manhood was plunging into me. A rush flushed my whole body and my mind soared through to another plane. I was being initiated into a deep mystery: a mysterious vision of the world of cock, a world complete within itself.

Hot sperm flooded my gut.

When my senses cleared, Kyle was appraising himself in a full-length mirror. He ran his hands lightly over his glistening belly and traced the muscles near his crotch with his fingertips. He caught my eye in the mirror and grinned.

"You've got a sweet ass," he said. "Don't let anybody tell you any different."

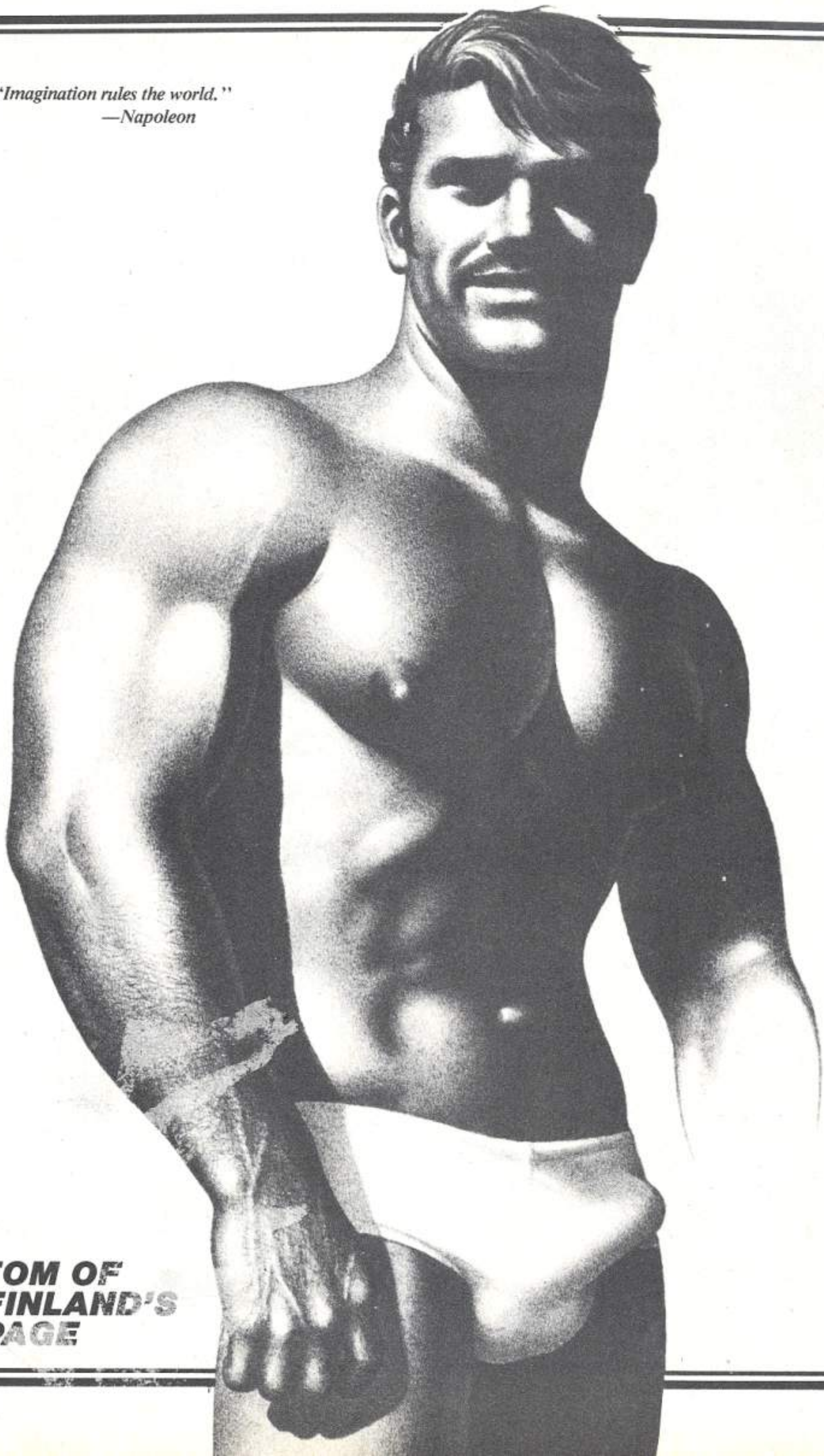
At that moment my butt felt sweet to me, too. Kyle flicked a wet towel at it, producing a snap and a sting.

"Pull your drawers on, champ," he said. "We'll go have that beer."

We did. A half hour later we parted, him patting my head and then taking me in a tender-tough head grip shaking me a bit, and then with a wink and a "good-bye. Sport," he was out the door.

I never saw him again—except on TV. But I'll never forget him. Not ever. ■■

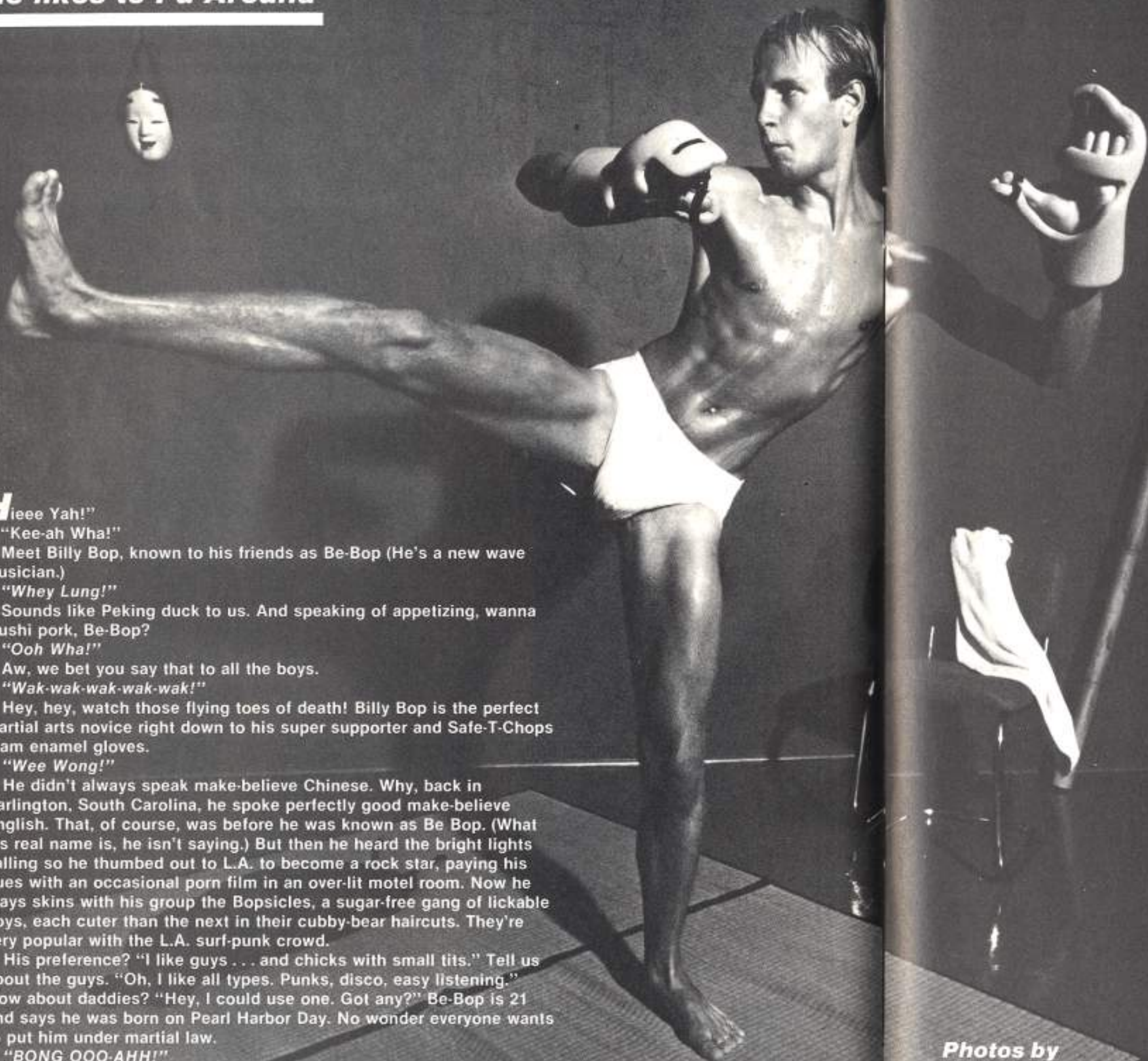
"Imagination rules the world."
—Napoleon



**TOM OF
FINLAND'S
PAGE**

BILLY

He likes to Fu Around



“Hieeee Yah!”

“Kee-ah Wha!”

Meet Billy Bop, known to his friends as Be-Bop (He’s a new wave musician.)

“Whey Lung!”

Sounds like Peking duck to us. And speaking of appetizing, wanna mushi pork, Be-Bop?

“Ooh Wha!”

Aw, we bet you say that to all the boys.

“Wak-wak-wak-wak-wak!”

Hey, hey, watch those flying toes of death! Billy Bop is the perfect martial arts novice right down to his super supporter and Safe-T-Chops foam enamel gloves.

“Wee Wong!”

He didn’t always speak make-believe Chinese. Why, back in Darlington, South Carolina, he spoke perfectly good make-believe English. That, of course, was before he was known as Be Bop. (What his real name is, he isn’t saying.) But then he heard the bright lights calling so he thumbed out to L.A. to become a rock star, paying his dues with an occasional porn film in an over-lit motel room. Now he plays skins with his group the Bopsicles, a sugar-free gang of lickable boys, each cuter than the next in their cubby-bear haircuts. They’re very popular with the L.A. surf-punk crowd.

His preference? “I like guys . . . and chicks with small tits.” Tell us about the guys. “Oh, I like all types. Punks, disco, easy listening.” How about daddies? “Hey, I could use one. Got any?” Be-Bop is 21 and says he was born on Pearl Harbor Day. No wonder everyone wants to put him under martial law.

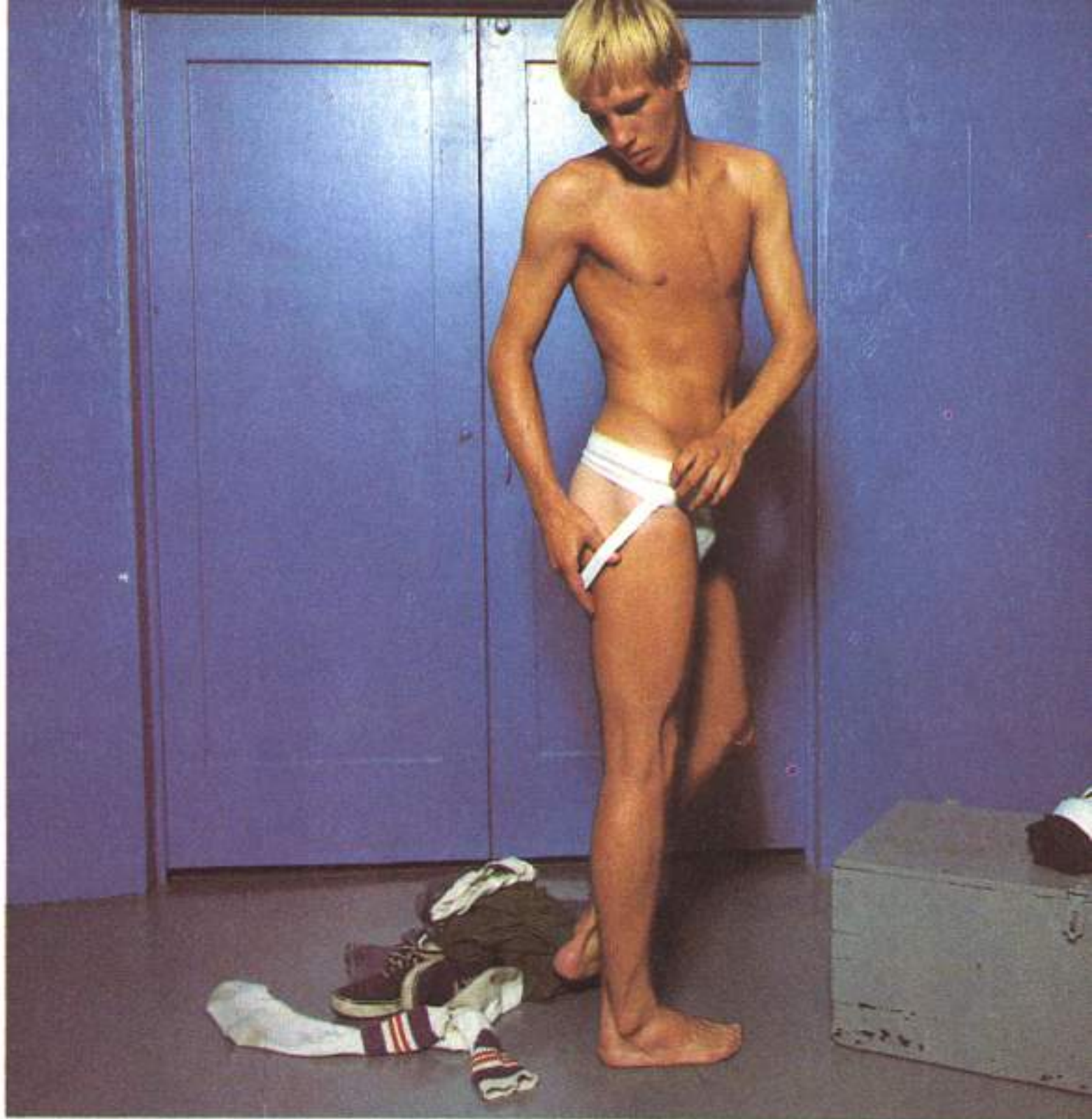
“BONG OOO-AHH!”

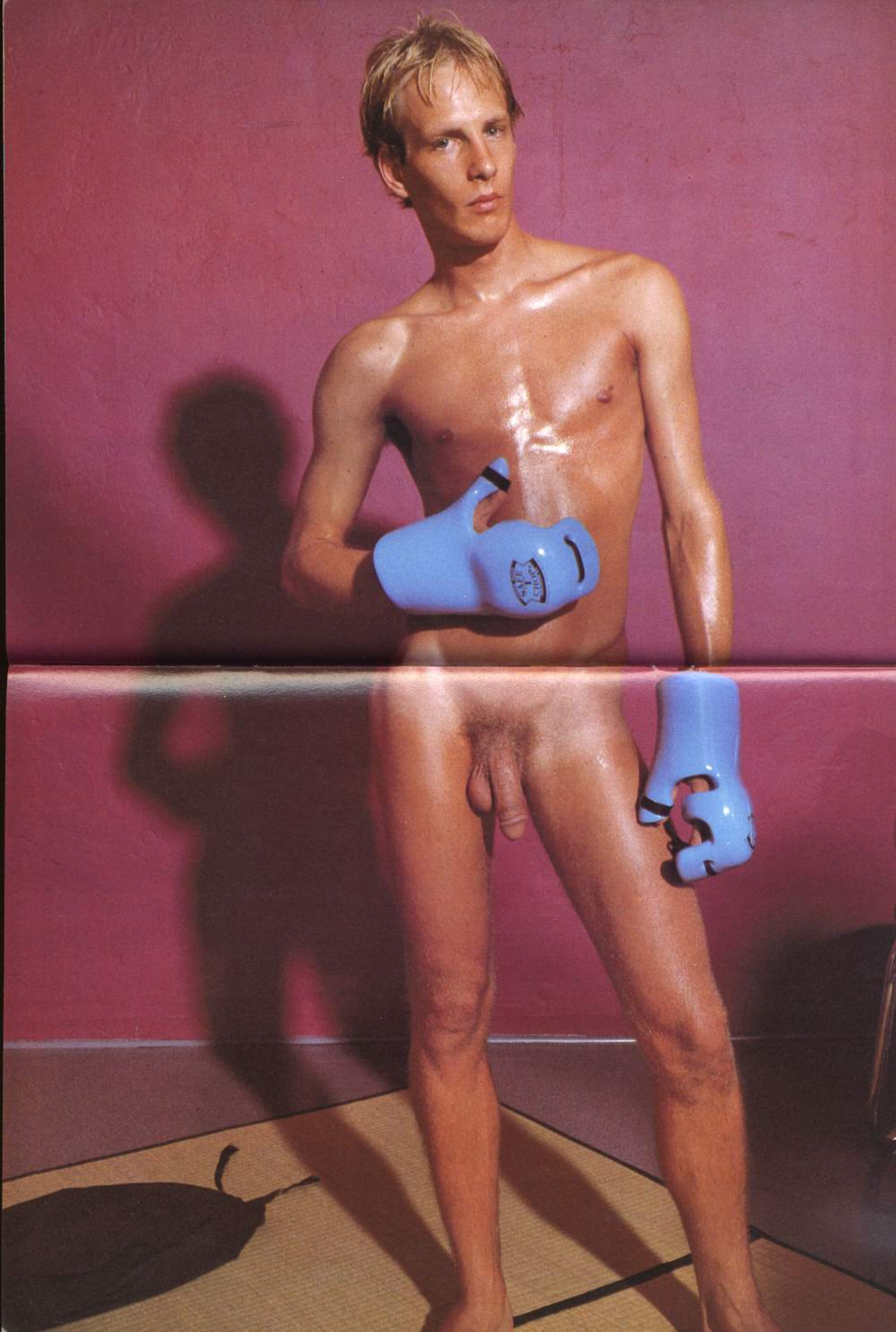
Oh-oh, there go those cinder blocks we were trying to pass off as a high-tech coffee table.

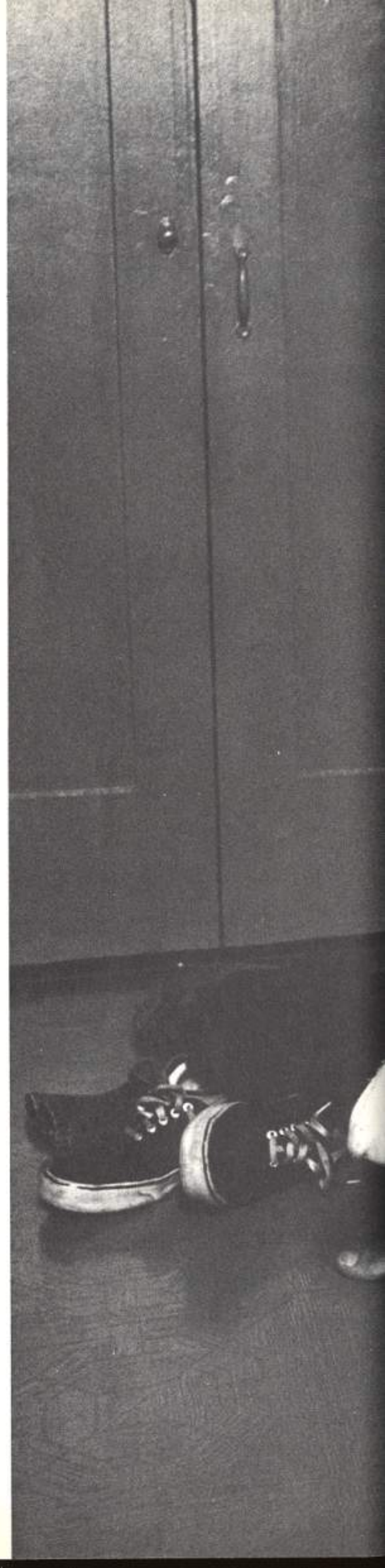
**Photos by
KENNETH McGOWAN
& DOUG CODER**

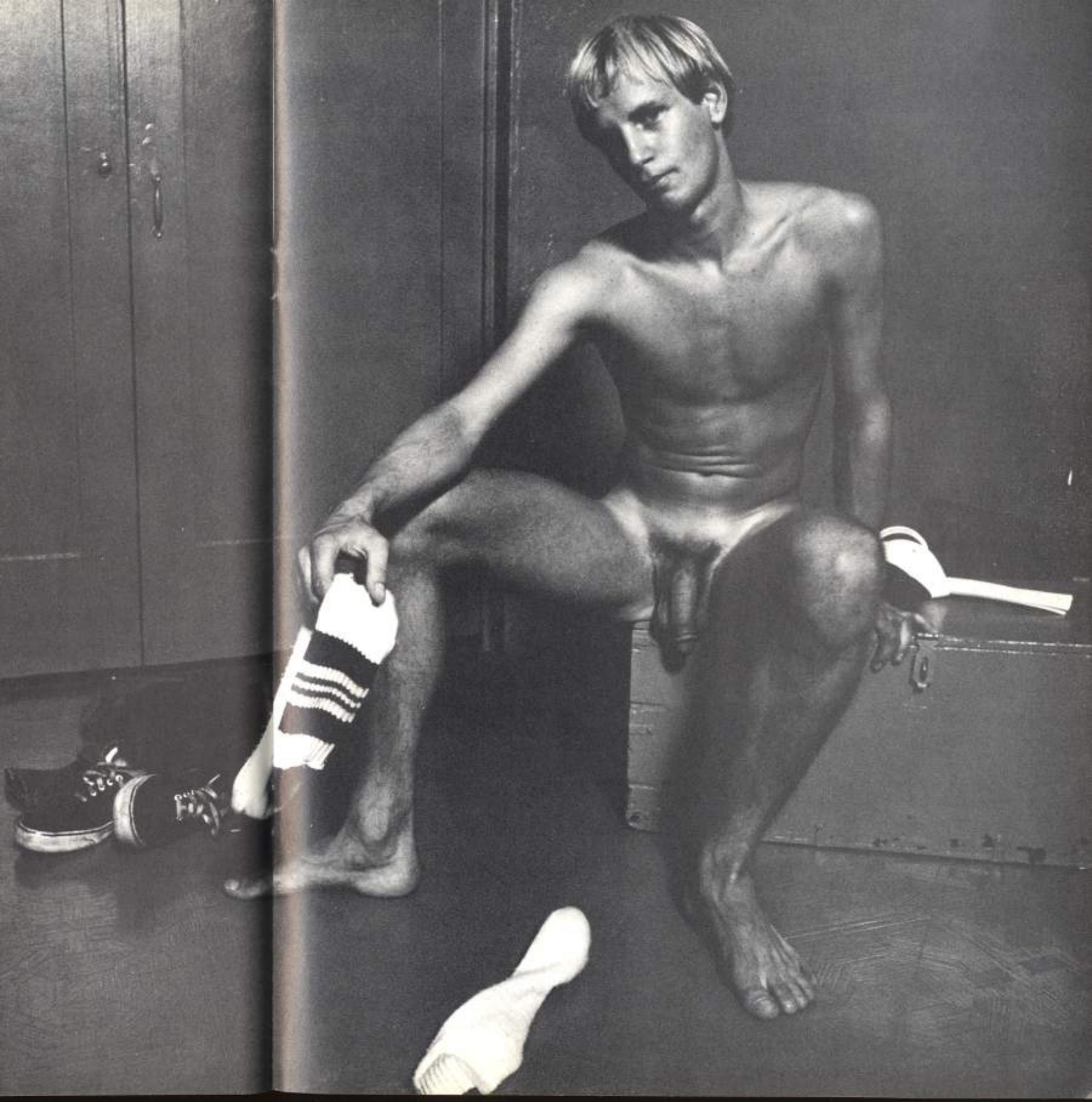


Photos by
**KENNETH MCGOWAN
& DOUG CODER**











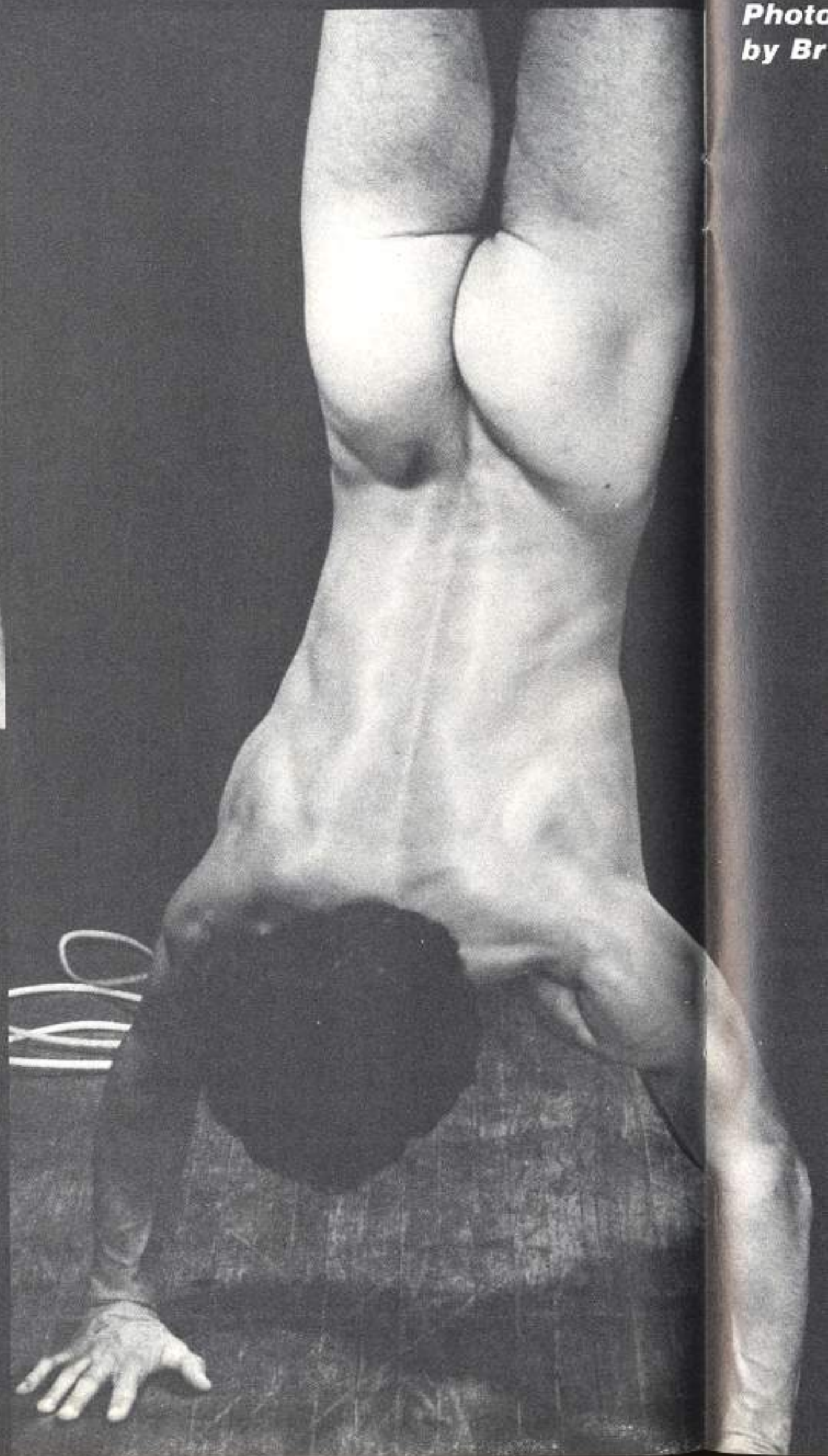
CHRISTIAN

Nobody is gonna throw this boy to the

Photo
by Br

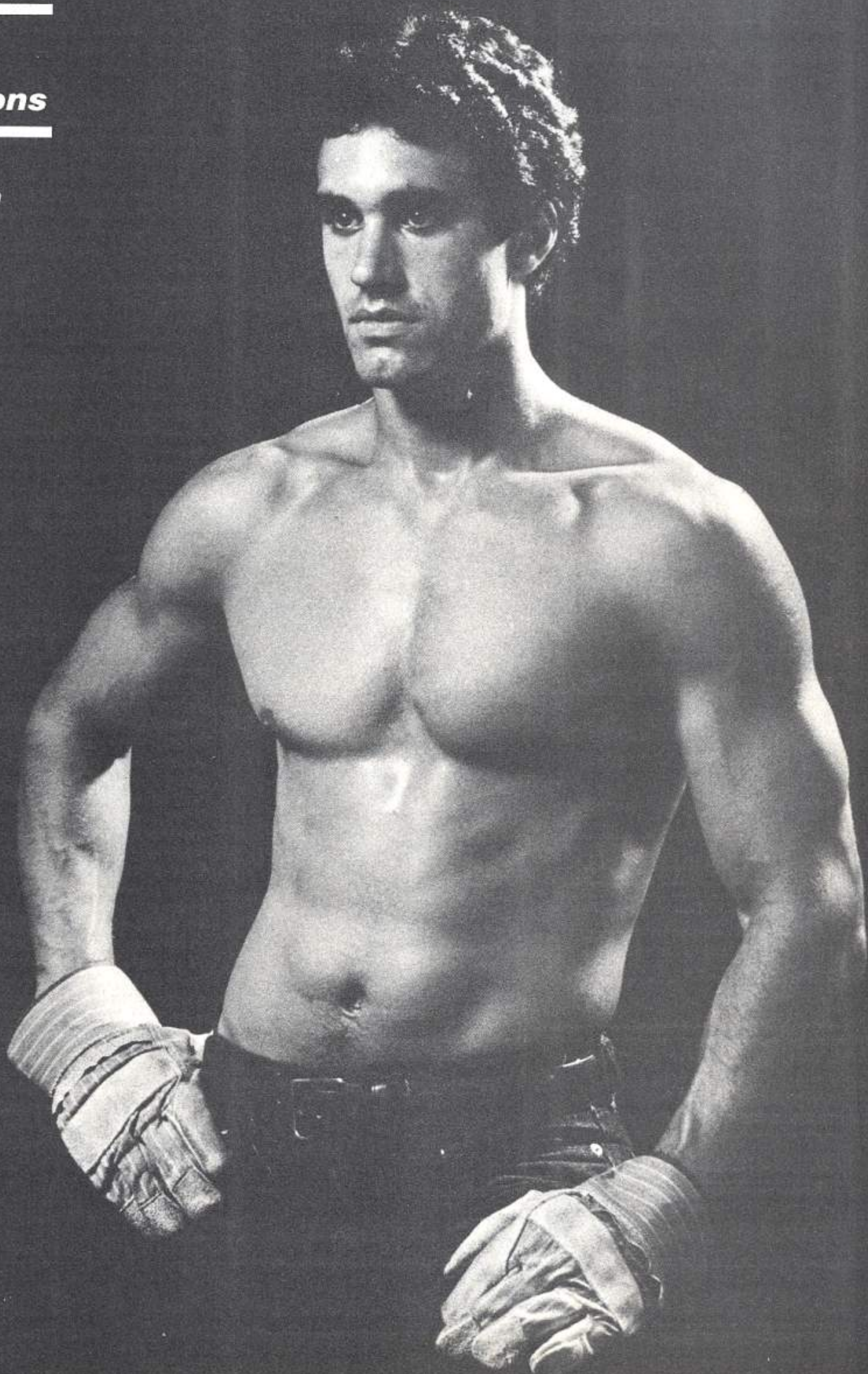
Here we see our coverman, Christian De Vito, showing his prowess—correction, *naked* prowess—at a variety of sports. My, my, my . . . and to think we used to cut gym.

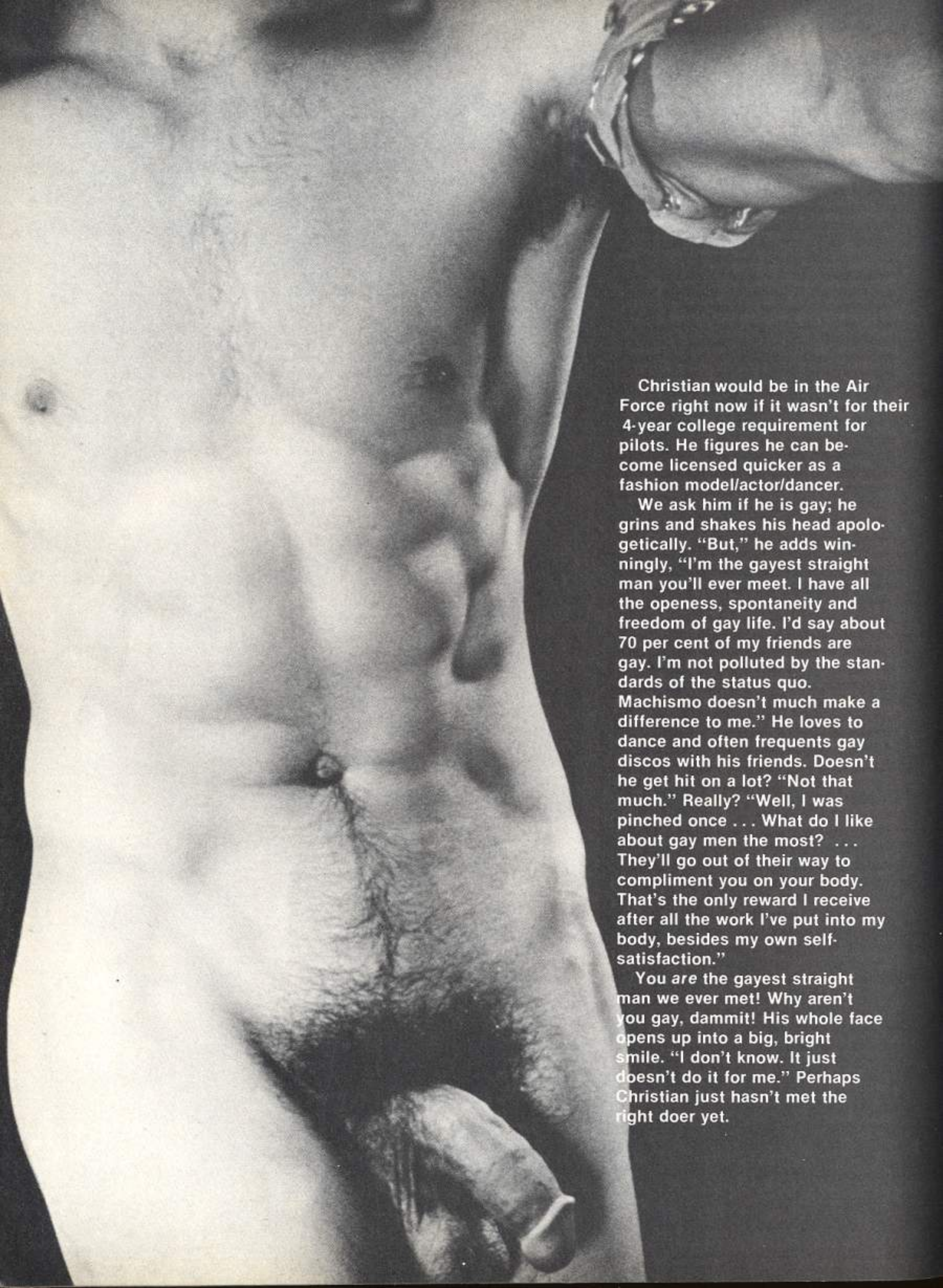
Christian De Vito is 24, a local L.A. boy and a fashion model/actor/dancer who saves all his money so he can one day open “my own commuter airline service.” He is refreshingly single-minded in this pursuit and when we ask him if he really would rather be a movie star—the common desire of so many of our models—he shakes his head with a lit-up smile and says “No, I want to fly planes.”



to the lions

**Photos
by Broūn**

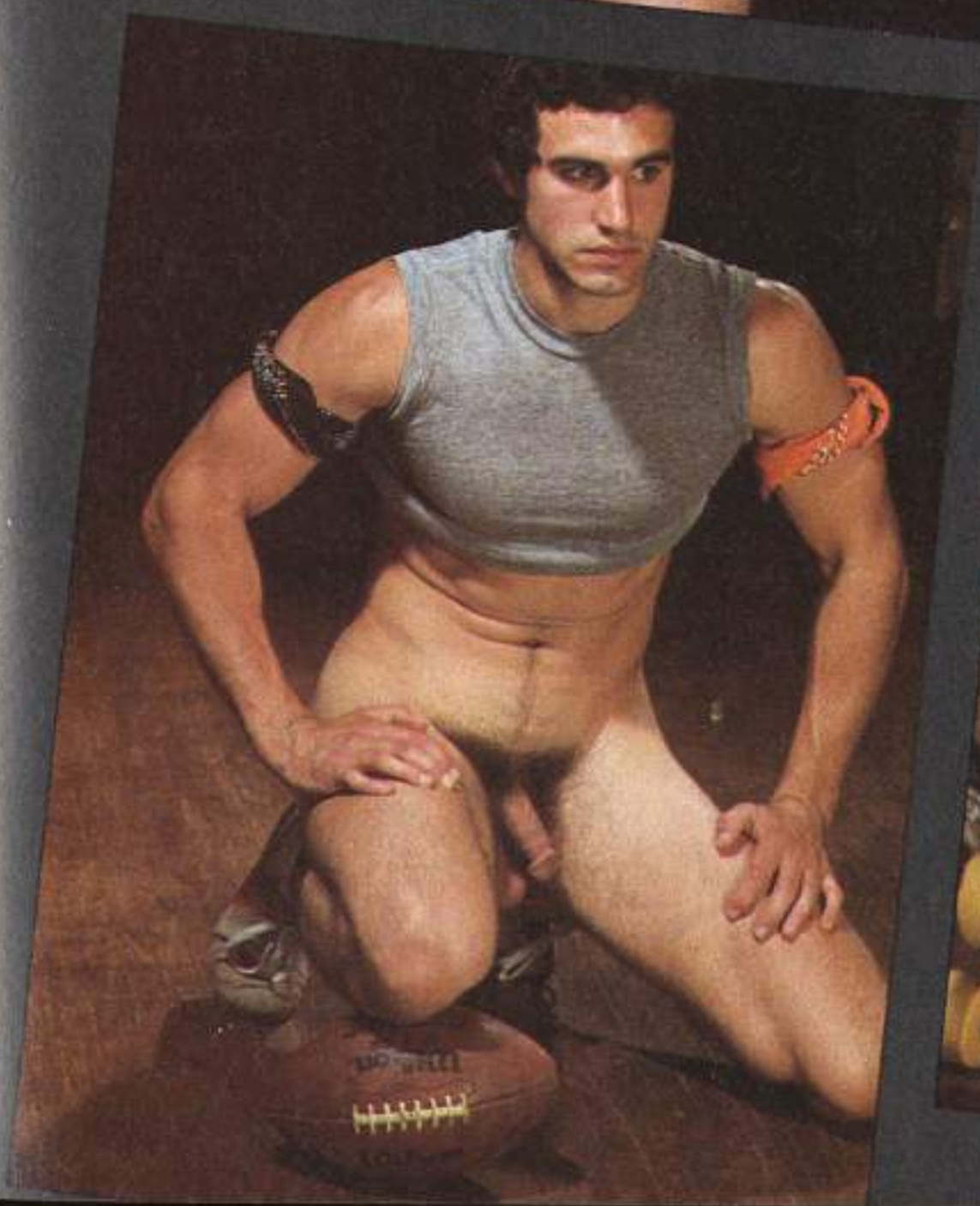


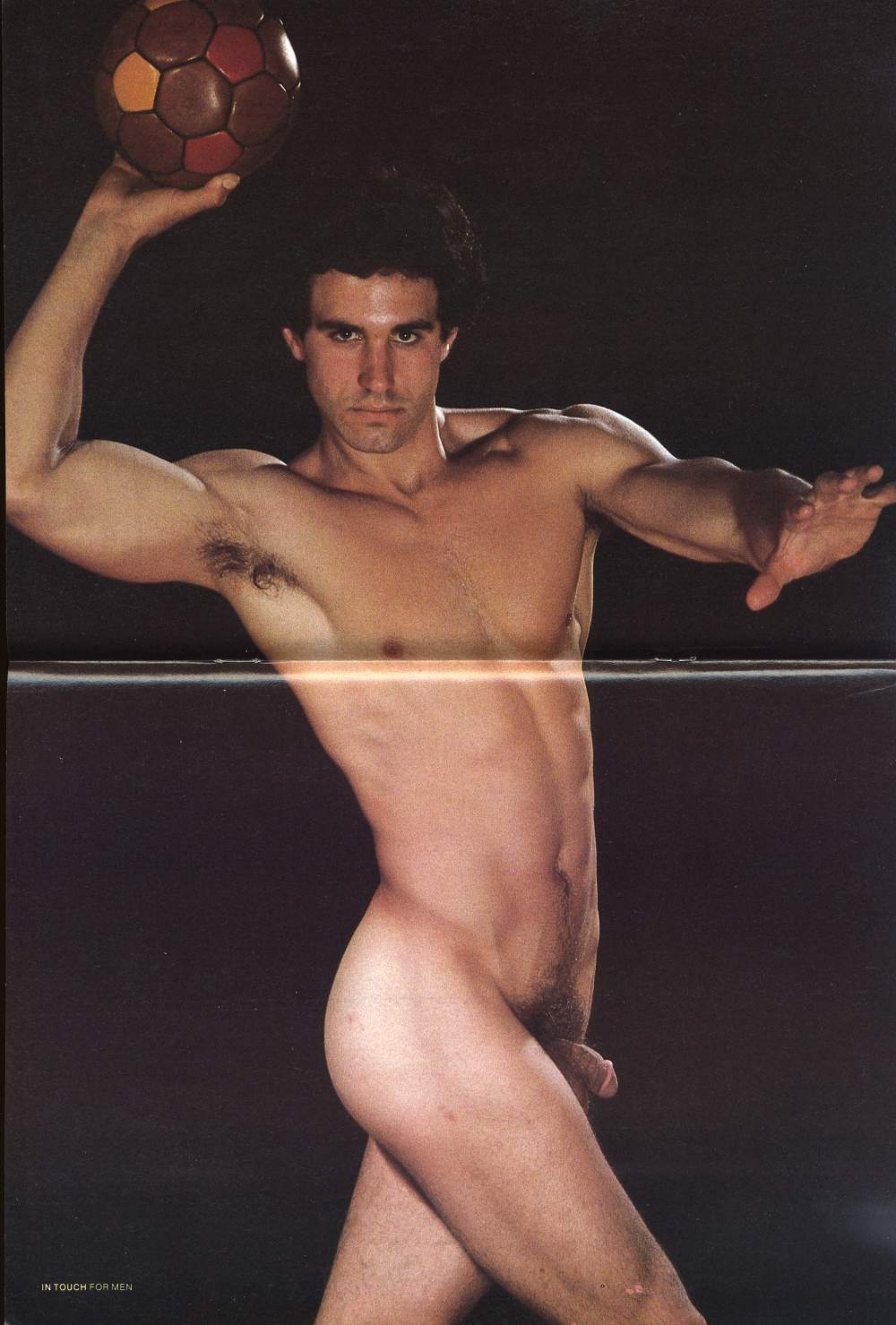


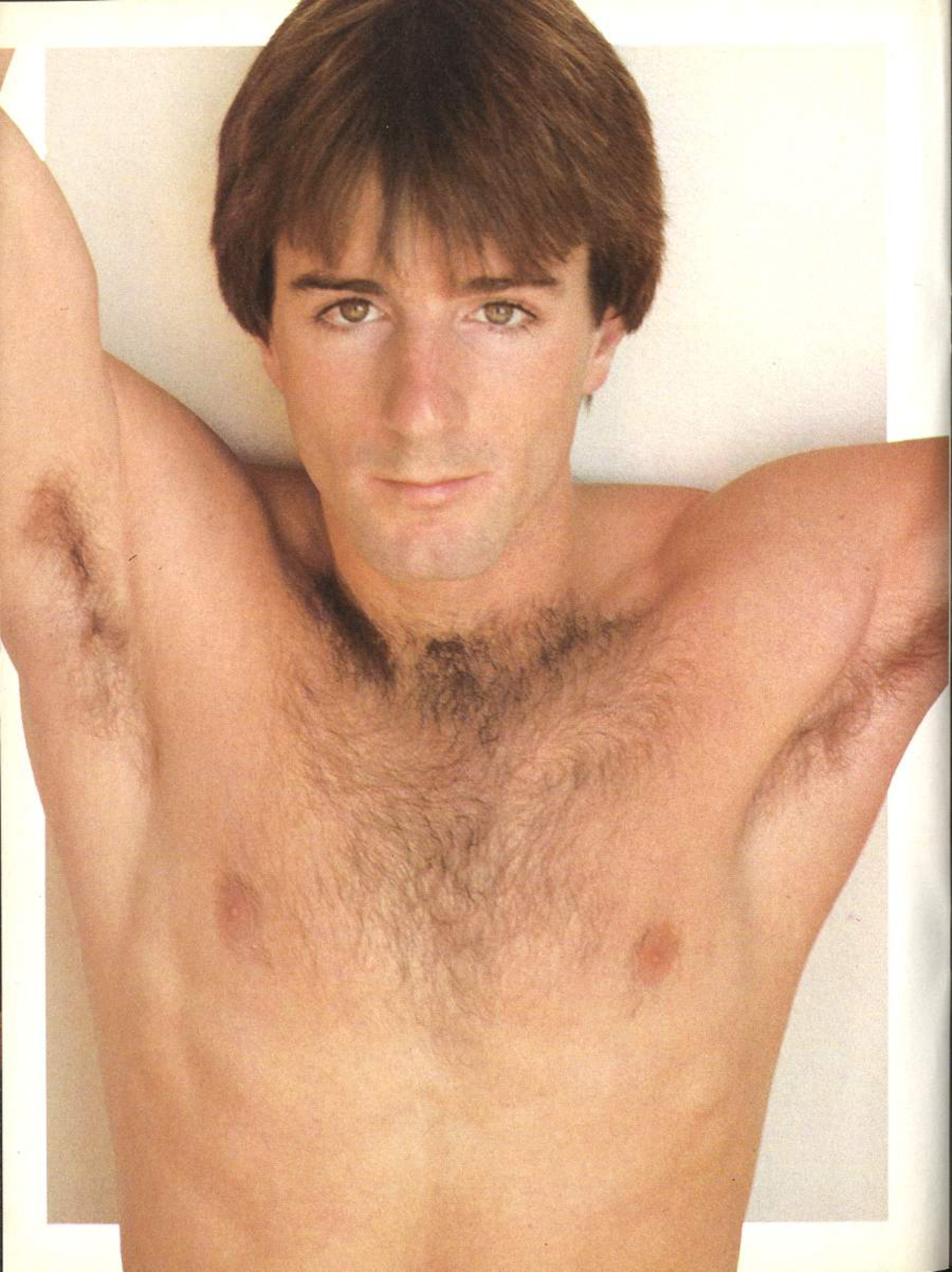
Christian would be in the Air Force right now if it wasn't for their 4-year college requirement for pilots. He figures he can become licensed quicker as a fashion model/actor/dancer.

We ask him if he is gay; he grins and shakes his head apologetically. "But," he adds winningly, "I'm the gayest straight man you'll ever meet. I have all the openness, spontaneity and freedom of gay life. I'd say about 70 per cent of my friends are gay. I'm not polluted by the standards of the status quo. Machismo doesn't much make a difference to me." He loves to dance and often frequents gay discos with his friends. Doesn't he get hit on a lot? "Not that much." Really? "Well, I was pinched once . . . What do I like about gay men the most? . . . They'll go out of their way to compliment you on your body. That's the only reward I receive after all the work I've put into my body, besides my own self-satisfaction."

You are the gayest straight man we ever met! Why aren't you gay, dammit! His whole face opens up into a big, bright smile. "I don't know. It just doesn't do it for me." Perhaps Christian just hasn't met the right doer yet.







DON

He's big in Anatomy

We wanted to get the whole truth and nothing but on Don Bishop so we asked College Station, the photography studio that took these pictures, to open their files to us. Here's what they had written about him:

If you think Don Bishop is extraordinary, you've certainly pegged him correctly.

This Minnesota farm boy has made the grade in the big city earning his degree in physical fitness at Ohio State & graduating high on the deans list. With his Bachelors Degree neatly tucked under his belt, Don moved south to Arizona where he now fits grad-school courses into his daily schedule.

And what a schedule!

In addition to managing one of Phoenix's largest physical fitness centers, he also coaches the baseball team, sits on several health advisory boards and, in his spare time, projects his beautiful athletic form on film.

"I've never been ashamed of my body and the years on the farm helped develop my build long before I entered a gym. Even today I work out four times a week to tone what I have and leave the bulking to the muscle men.

Don will soon appear in his first film, *Frat House One* (with *IN TOUCH* models Brad Davis and Glenn Denard) from College Station. Watch their ads for a release date.

**Photos by
ZAK DRUMMER
—COLLEGE STATION**











GREGG

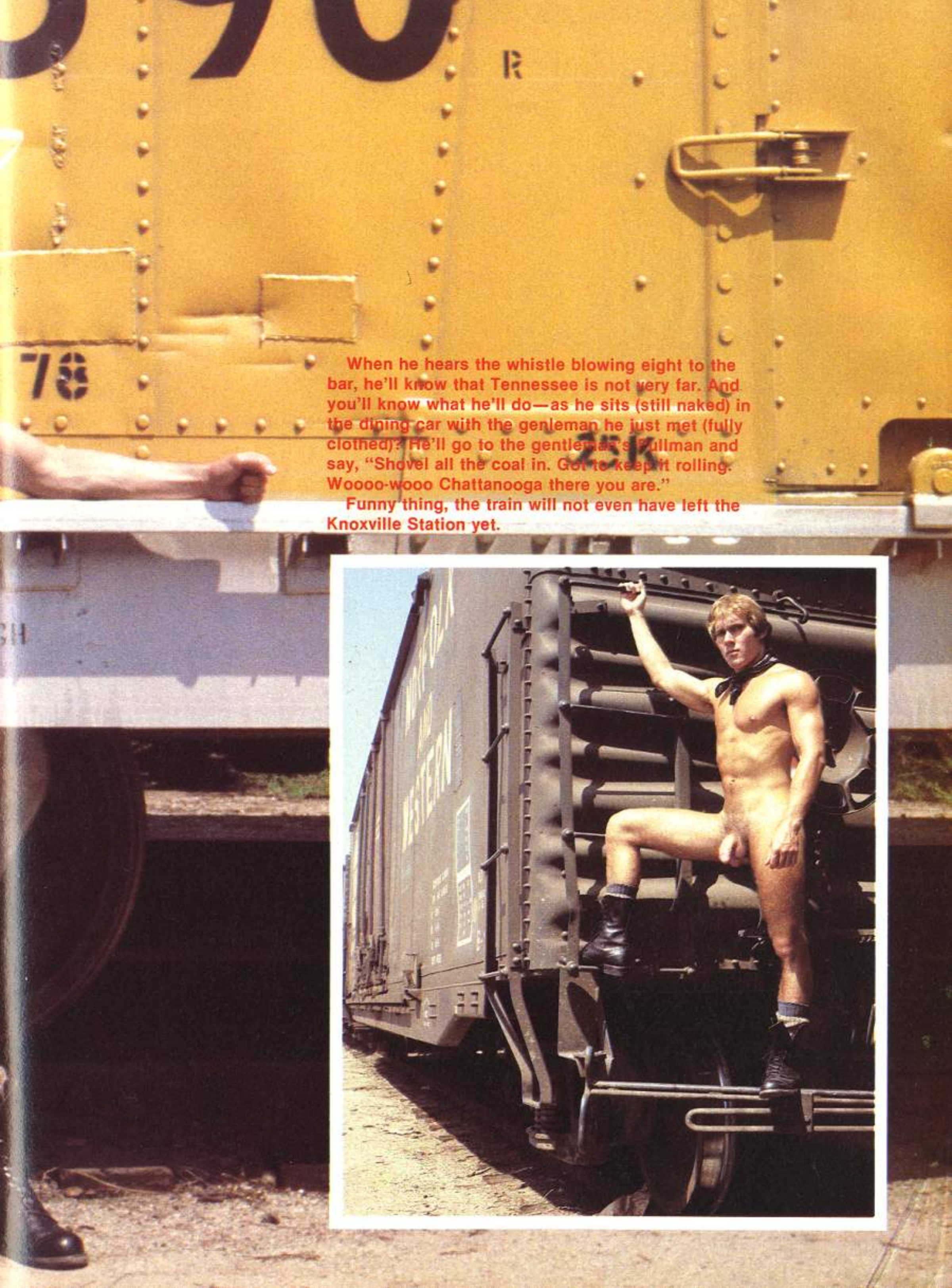
Pardon me, boy, is that
the Chattanooga Choo Choo?

Photos by ZEUS

No, that's not the Chattanooga Choo Choo; that's Gregg Sittm—*but all aboard anyway*. We know virtually nothing about this model except that he's in his twenties and—according to the Zeus people—“from California.” Great. Certain things, of course, are obvious from these photos.

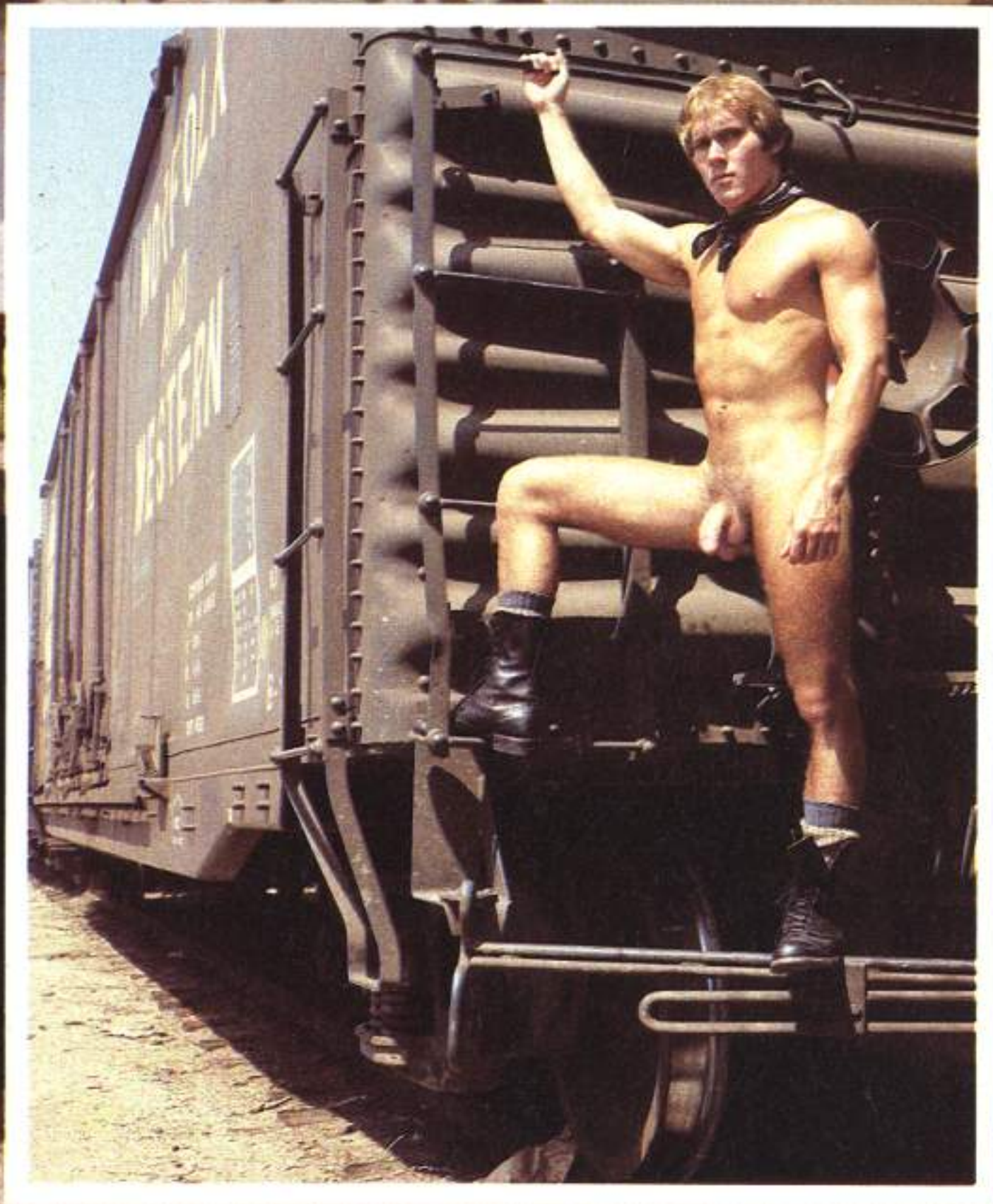
It is obvious that he's looking for Track 29 and it is obvious that he's about to say, “Boy, you can give me a shine.” Can he afford to board the Chattanooga Choo Choo? Good question. You will find in this world that naked men always manage to get the fare—as well as a trifle to spare.

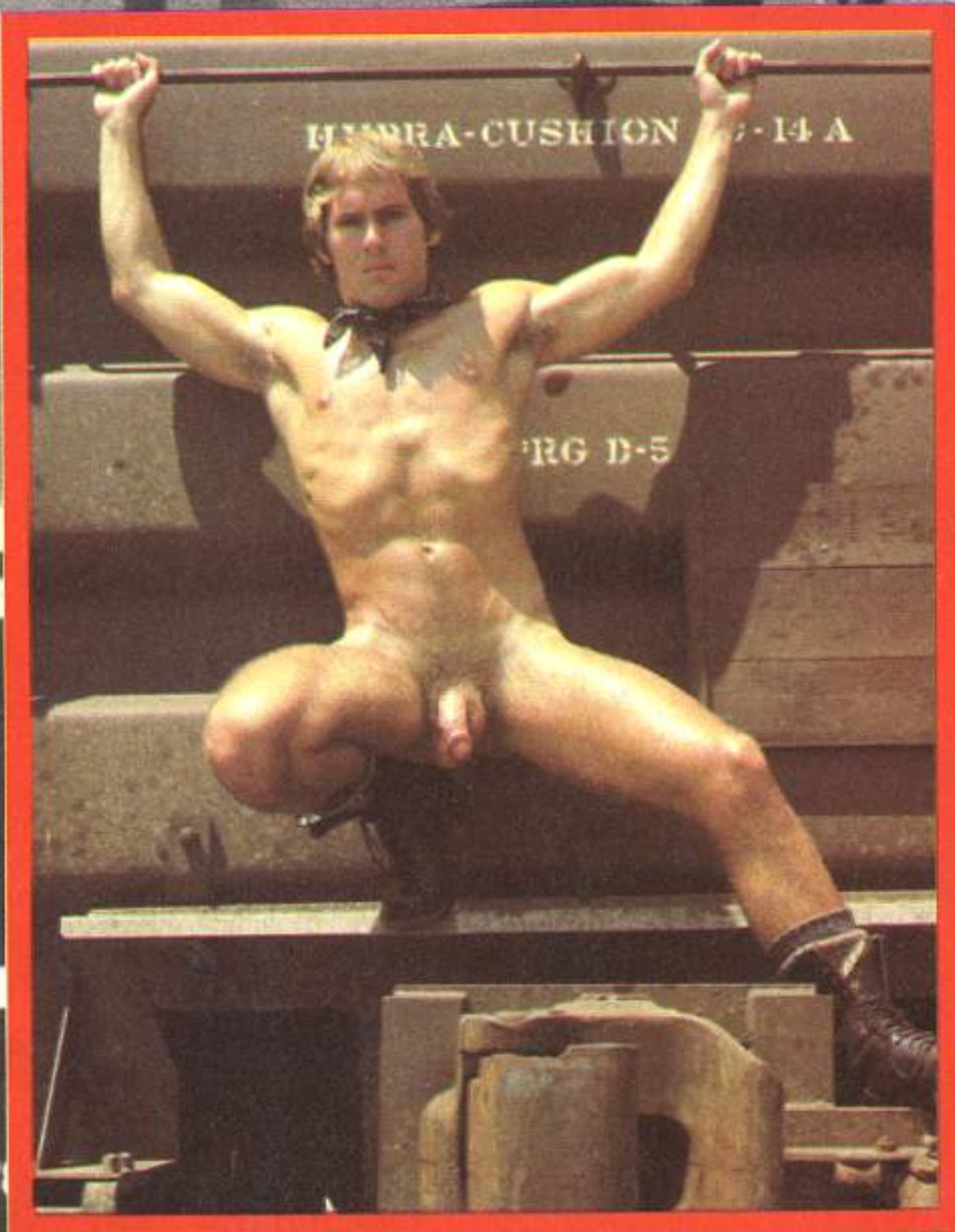
Gregg will leave the Pennsylvania Station about a quarter to four. He'll read a magazine—*IN TOUCH*, naturally—and he'll be in Baltimore. Dinner in the diner. Nothing could be finer. He'll have ham and eggs in Carolina.



When he hears the whistle blowing eight to the bar, he'll know that Tennessee is not very far. And you'll know what he'll do—as he sits (still naked) in the dining car with the gentleman he just met (fully clothed)? He'll go to the gentleman's Pullman and say, "Shovel all the coal in. Got to keep it rolling. Woooo-wooo Chattanooga there you are."

Funny thing, the train will not even have left the Knoxville Station yet.





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SECLUDED SUMMER

"My son Samuel is staying on the other side of the cabin," the woman said. "But you'll have all the privacy you need to paint or sketch or whatever you artists do."

I nodded and continued looking around the large room. Plenty of windows good for light, big table to put my canvas on, the smell of pinewood everywhere. A forest right behind me . . . and the rent was so low it was almost criminal, but for my scrawny pocketbook, that was the big selling point.

"I love it," I told her. "I'll take it for a month, perhaps longer." I gave her a check. As she started to leave, she turned to me.

"By the way, breakfast is from seven 'til ten, lunch from noon 'til two and supper from five-thirty 'till seven. See you."

She left me and I danced a little jig about the room because for the first time in five years, I was alone, away from civilization, securely isolated on this farm in Auburn County, Alabama.

I had grown up in New York City, where after graduating Pratt Institute, I had been struggling for the next two years to be an artist—who sold! So far, none of my work seemed to find favor with the public except those who snatched up the eternal scenes of Manhattan at Dusk, Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn, New York City in the Rain.

Yeah, that had kept me alive but I wanted something more. So, every extra penny I could scrounge up, I holed away in the bank, my Get-Away Fund. And after longer than a year of saving, I had enough to see me through a summer in the deep South, where in such a totally different atmosphere, I might re-ignite my creative fires, think my future out. Did I want to be an artist or was that merely a romantic illusion? So I drove three days to New Orleans as my first stop, planning after that, Birmingham, Atlanta, Charleston, other places. It was while staying a night in Auburn, Alabama that I got a local paper and saw the ad: "Cabin room, with meals, very reasonable rate, perfect for artist, student." Whoopee!

I spent that first day walking around the farm with my sketch pad. I noticed how isolated the cabin was to the "Big House" where Mrs. Malone lived. She said that the reason her son lived in the other half of my cabin was because his aunt and "her three brats are all visiting this summer and Samuel cannot stand all that hollering and yelling."

Samuel ran the farm and was gone all day but, she was quick to add, "He's a very quiet man. No trouble at all. You'll be glad to have him around at nights what with all those strange noises and all."

I met my cabin-mate later that afternoon. I heard movements in the bathroom, faucets, knobs squeaking on, shower

Fiction by JASON FURY

spray hitting a body, scrubbing. After awhile the knobs squeaked off. More movements, then a sudden silence as if the person beyond the door suddenly realized someone was occupying this room. A tap tap, my cry of "Come in!" and Samuel Malone entered my room—and my life.

Even now, I am not sure what I had expected. I had received reports of "those beautiful Southern boys" and also accounts of pot-bellied, red-necked yokels. The man standing there broke all stereotypes. Neither Adonis nor hayseed, he was something else. A real man.

Except for a small towel that barely covered his hips, he was totally naked. "Hi, I'm Samuel Malone. Mama said you were my new neighbor." He ran a hand over thinning black hair and then across the fuzzy mat on his chest. He stepped forward gracefully like a dancer on the balls of his feet and while one hand clutched the flimsy towel, he held out the other. My hand, small by comparison, vanished into his moist, warm paw.

"So you're an artist," he said politely. He took in several half-finished projects propped against the wall and bed. While he studied them, I studied him. He was a large man, somewhere in his late thirties with a square, creased face, dominated by dark eyes and thick eyebrows. His eyebrows always seemed slightly raised in an expression of wonder. A scar above his upper lip may have ruined the chiseled symmetry of his mouth but it greatly enhanced the high voltage virility he was sending out. Although his neck, face and big-muscled forearms were deeply tanned, the rest of him had not been touched by the sun. His musculature was hardly defined but there was no mistaking its power and hardness. He turned to me, raised a hand to scratch his ear. A sudden bulge of bicep.

"Interesting," he commented on an abstract. "Not sure I understand it but it's . . . it's okay. Why don't I throw on some clothes here and we'll go to supper. Hey, what's your name?"

I blushed. "Sorry. All that driving's zoned me out. I'm Johnny Shearing."

"Okay, Johnny Shearing. Meet me outside on the porch in ten minutes."

"Yeah. Sure . . . Samuel."

After he left, I repeated his name. *Samuel*: it had a certain beauty, a sure dignity. "Sam" might be cute and snappy, fast and convenient, but it had none of the eloquence, the near Biblical solemnity and weight of Samuel. And so I had met my first Southern man and whenever I think of that part of the country, it is always in the framework of that one individual. Samuel Malone. . . say it soft and sweet.

During the day I saw him only at meals.

He was pleasant and courteous—two qualities I had rarely encountered in other men. He went to bed early because he got up early and worked hard all day. I would lay in my bed and wonder how I could get to know him better.

It was late and I had been sketching but God was it hot! I had to keep a towel tied around my arm to stop the sweat from dripping on the paper. I put my charcoal stick down and stretched my neck when I heard noise outside the window. Heavy feet dragging, coming closer to my part of the cabin. I thought of wild-cats, bears, Big Foot. Without thinking, I ran through the bathroom and entered Samuel's room. He was laying on his back with an arm thrown over his eyes and the sheet low on his hips. I shook him by the arm, my fear lessening at the feel of that rock-hard muscle. He opened his eyes.

"Johnny," he yawned thickly. "What's going on, boy?"

"Something's outside the cabin. An animal or something!"

"An animal?" He ran a hand over his face. "Shit . . . check on it."

He pushed the sheet aside and, without a stitch on, padded through my room onto the front porch. The undulation of his firm, hairy buttocks, the way the muscles in his legs and back danced—it was driving me crazy. Samuel motioned me to get behind him, behind the broad protection of his dimpled back. We listened. The footsteps came closer . . . and then came around the corner and stood there, staring at us, our enemy, the cow! My protector moved away, laughing deeply and guided me back into my room.

"Thought that was probably old Lil," he grinned. "Just wanted to scare you some." He tugged at his thick, uncut genitalia which the heat had made heavy and glisten with sweat. I could almost see moisture dripping from it . . . as if someone had been sucking on him but hard.

He went to the bathroom door and turned to me. His penis growing heavier, the head becoming exposed. "Listen, anytime you get scared Johnny, just come and get me. Okay? If you like to go hiking, tomorrow's Saturday and I'm going into the woods. Wanna go? O.k. Great. About ten. 'Night, boy."

I took off my clothes, turned out the light, and got in bed.

Samuel was stripping off his clothes.

"You gonna come swim with me?" The pond was dark and deep looking and I wasn't at all interested in testing it out.

"I think I'll sketch some. It looks snakey."

He tugged off his jeans, then his jockey shorts which he wadded up and threw at me, hitting my head. He came over and

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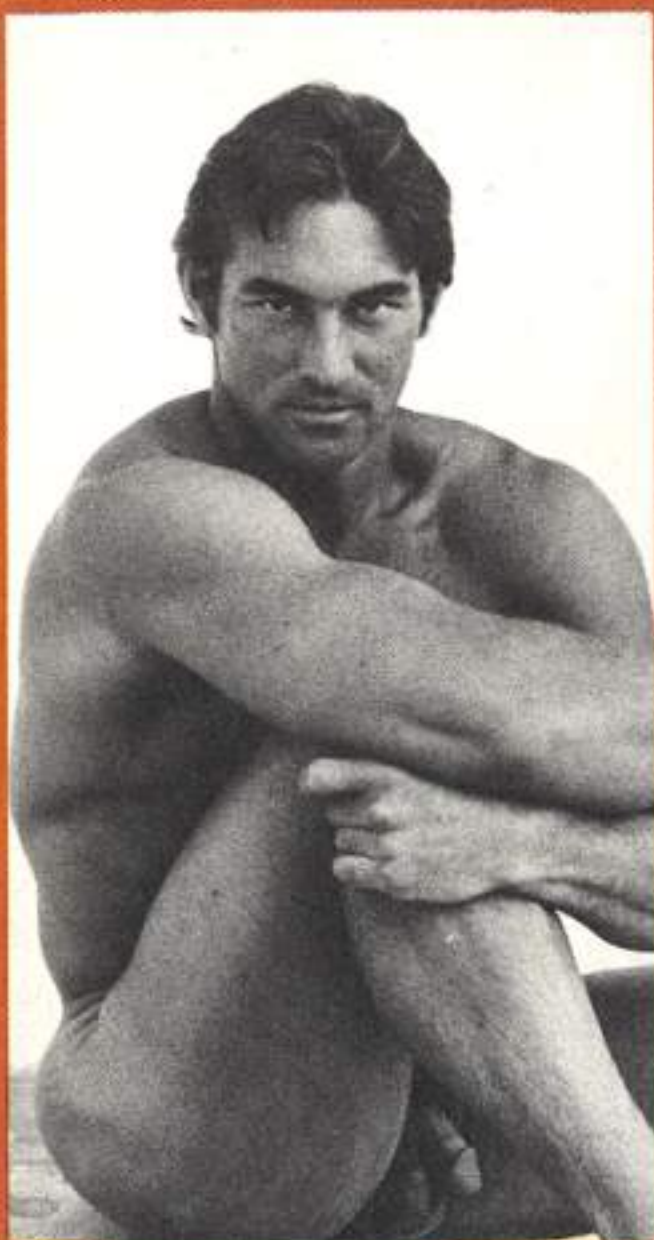
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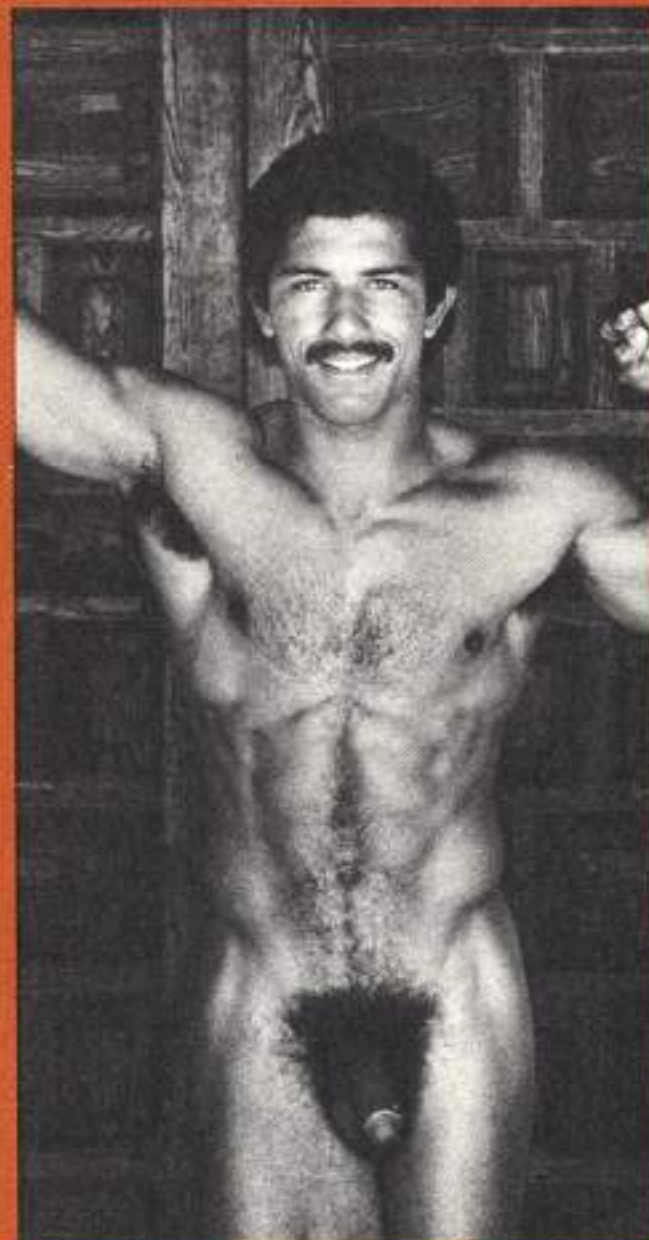
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stood above me, extending a hand.

"Come on, boy. I'll look after you."

He pulled me up and I got out of my clothes shamelessly fast. He guided me into the water, with a hand at the small of my back; I hit the water fast to hide my budding erection. We splashed around the murky pond. He tried ducking me—and did. Yuck! I attempted to return the favor—but failed. Still, grabbing at his shoulders and arms while "horsing" around was making me unbearably excited. We climbed out and dried ourselves off with our shirts and sat down naked.

Samuel's back was in front of me and without thinking, I reached forward and massaged his neck.

"Ummm," he muttered, "Good, Johnny." He pronounced my name so beautifully, so softly, it was like a song. I ran my fingers down his back. He shuddered.

My voice trembled, "Samuel ... turn around. Let me rub your chest." He turned and leaned back against the trunk of a pine tree. I ran my fingers over his tan nipples and they hardened. I kneaded his pectorals. Below, I could see his long, corded muscle rising steadily.

"Johnny," he said softly. "Johnny." I raised my eyes to meet his. They were half-closed. He ran the tip of his tongue slowly around the rim of his lips. The scar stood out white like small jagged lightning. "Tell me something, Johnny," he be-

gan and moved his face closer to mine. His large hand cradled my head as he kissed me deeply with his tongue, hungrily as he searched for something within me. He brought me down backwards on the ground and parted my legs with his. Samuel raised his hips ...

"Johnny, Johnny ... if it hurts, just tell me. I'll be careful ..." He was sweet and careful ... and he took his time.

We began sleeping together that night.

July passed. Then August. New Orleans, Atlanta, Charleston existed only on maps. I imagined all the bodies I would have gone through by now in all the bars and baths and maybe I might have been lucky to have found one face who wished to become more than a one night stand. But none of those fleshy watering holes would have been able to offer me anything close to what I had found on this isolated farm ... away from my empty past and my ambiguous future.

I came to know Samuel Malone better than any man before or since. He was quiet, wise, strong. He was as solid as rock and as stable and simple.

He became my favorite landscape: the brief week day hours we had together the longer periods on weekends, I painted and sketched Samuel in dozens of positions: sleeping, laughing, yawning, shaving.

When we would leave the Big House after supper, we wouldn't head for our cabin. We'd walk along the well-trodden,

wooded path to "our pond." There was no need for words. What was happening between us transcended the physical and was almost mystical. By that body of shimmering water, we would take off our clothes and slip into the water with him holding me. One night, the moon was so bright it lit up our special place almost supernaturally. Samuel carried me into the water, let it glide over me and then carried me back to where our clothes were spread out. He made love to me passionately, desperately.

"Soon it'll be over," he whispered ... "almost over." Later, I watched him as he stared at that dark pool.

"Samuel?"

He looked down at me, tried to smile but it was more of a grimace.

"You'll be going soon, Johnny. You're the first one. After you leave, baby ..."

"Don't say it," I whispered quickly and put a hand over his mouth. "Don't say it." He kissed my fingers ... and then other places.

...

And then there was only one night left before my summer vacation would be over.

It was a quiet evening. Mrs. Malone's relatives had left the day before so it was only her, myself and Samuel.

Samuel and I returned to the cabin after supper and he locked the door, pulled the curtains tight. He removed from a drawer a

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#44 (NOV./DEC.)
San Francisco, Taka Boom, Lacrosse, Making Up, Dayton Ka'Ne, Art of H.G. Wright, "Fountain of Youth," Lawrence of Arabia, Ross Salomone, "Flight of Fancy."

#45 (JAN./FEB.)
New York, Brando, Tiger, Diaghilev, Self Defense, Hawaii's Roughwater Swim, "Daniel in the Dark," Michael Lloyd, Frederick Combs.

#46 (MAR./APR.)
Water polo, Ted Shawn, The Other Florida, Tom of Finland, "Ripe Tomatoes," France Joli, David Niven, Somerset Maugham.

#47 (MAY/JUNE)
Dallas, Michelangelo's Men, 3 Hollywood Hunks, Mike Farrell, Rugby, Quentin Crisp, Anthony Dowell, "Man Made," Photos of Steve Arnold.

#48 (JULY/AUG.)
Alan Bates, Toronto, Sports, Fashions, Batter Up!, Billy Hayes, "Hockey Night in Canada," Victor Arimondi Revisited, Art of Bob France, Gordon of Khartoum.

#49 (SEPT./OCT.)
Natural Men, Triathlon, Roger Moore, Las Vegas, Manhunt A to Z, Skatt Brothers, Color Me Hung, coverman Rex Johnson.

#50 (NOV./DEC.)
Anniversary Issue, How to Pick Up Straight Men, 7 Years of In Touch Models, Men of the Olympic Gymnastics Team, Chicken!, Interview with Zach, Box-Office Gays, Tom of Finland.

1981

#51 (JANUARY)
Gay Rodeo in Reno, Best Chest in the West, Mark Hamill, Facelift—What Every Man Should Know, Caring for Leather, Gay Marine Reveals His "Favorite Things," Tom of Finland.

#52 (FEBRUARY)
Men of Australia, Sexual Psychology of Color, Mud Wrestling, Prince Charles, Military Discharge, Angel Babies, "Socrates and the Golden Warrior," coverman Marlo.

#53 (MARCH)
Richard Gere, Sex in Prison, How to Pick Up the Bartender, Naked on Madison Avenue, 1980 Men Revisited, Shooting the Rapids, "Souvenir of Mexico," coverman Kirby Scott, Tom of Finland.

#54 (APRIL)
Chris Atkins, Sex Life of Tarzan, Sexercise, Hunks of "Meat," Rio—Cruising in Sex City, City Men in the Jungle, Jungle Men in the City, coverman Tony Hill, Tom of Finland.

#55 (MAY)
Casting Couch: Mr. Starr, Salute to Sailors, Gay & in the Navy, Evita Auditions, Michel Serrault, Melville & Hawthorne, coverman Brad Davis, plus Adam Blunder, Steve Foster, Carl Flores.

#56 (JUNE)
Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights, Strip-pers!, Vanessa Redgrave, The Daddy Mystique, "Happy Father's Day," Gay Parade Book, Our Heritage of Pride, coverman Joe Davis, plus Fred Halsted, Mark Ramsey, Tallulah the dog.

bottle of bourbon that he had brought for "our night." His fingers trembled as they poured the drinks. He removed my clothes and his.

There was no ventilation in that hot, little cabin and we were dripping with sweat before we even got in bed. I will never forget anything that happened that night:

His face above mine, rubbing across my mouth and nose and eyes... sweat falling from his face onto mine... wet hair, wet bodies, moaning, moaning as he climaxed plentifully within me, squeezing me to him, shuddering...

Not too much time left... it's running out... hurry...

"...Just a few girls, Johnny. Liked none of them... never thought of a man... before you... I saw you, sitting there that day, helpless, tender... wanted to love you..."

"Samuel... wanted you all those first nights, especially after the night you and me... the cow... was only seven, Samuel... loved it... older man..."

More perspiration, salty sweat, bourbon split over his chest, my tongue licking it up, sperm, moist hair... I remember it all. He was very quiet when I drove away the next day.

...

Living at a New York Y was sterile after the time I spent with sweet Samuel. Instead of fresh air, green countrysides, a loving man, I found only four walls, concrete canyons and strangers who did not move me.

A month passed. There was no word from Samuel. He's forgotten me. Just another summer trick. He played games with me. Not Samuel, but if he did, he's a rotten lousy good-for-nothing...

I entered the lobby one afternoon, particularly depressed after failing to sell some paintings. I was miserable. Samuel had let me down, now the world had too.

"You have a visitor waiting for you over there, Johnny," said the desk clerk. He nodded his head toward the corner where several large ferns and magazine racks obscured the visitor. I could not see or even imagine who it might be.

Samuel sat there in a pair of dress slacks and a white shirt, leafing through a magazine. Those strong brown hands, arms, neck, the moist lips... he had not forgotten me!

"Sam," I whispered. He looked up startled, threw the magazine aside, stood up.

"Mama," he began, "she's... she's gone. I run the farm now, alone... I could use a hand, Johnny if you'd like to come back, Johnny?..."

No one was in the lobby. The desk clerk was reading a book and the ferns were a protective barrier. I took him in my arms, and we kissed quickly.

"Oh, Johnny... missed you, missed you..."

"Oh, Samuel... Samuel... let's go!" ■■

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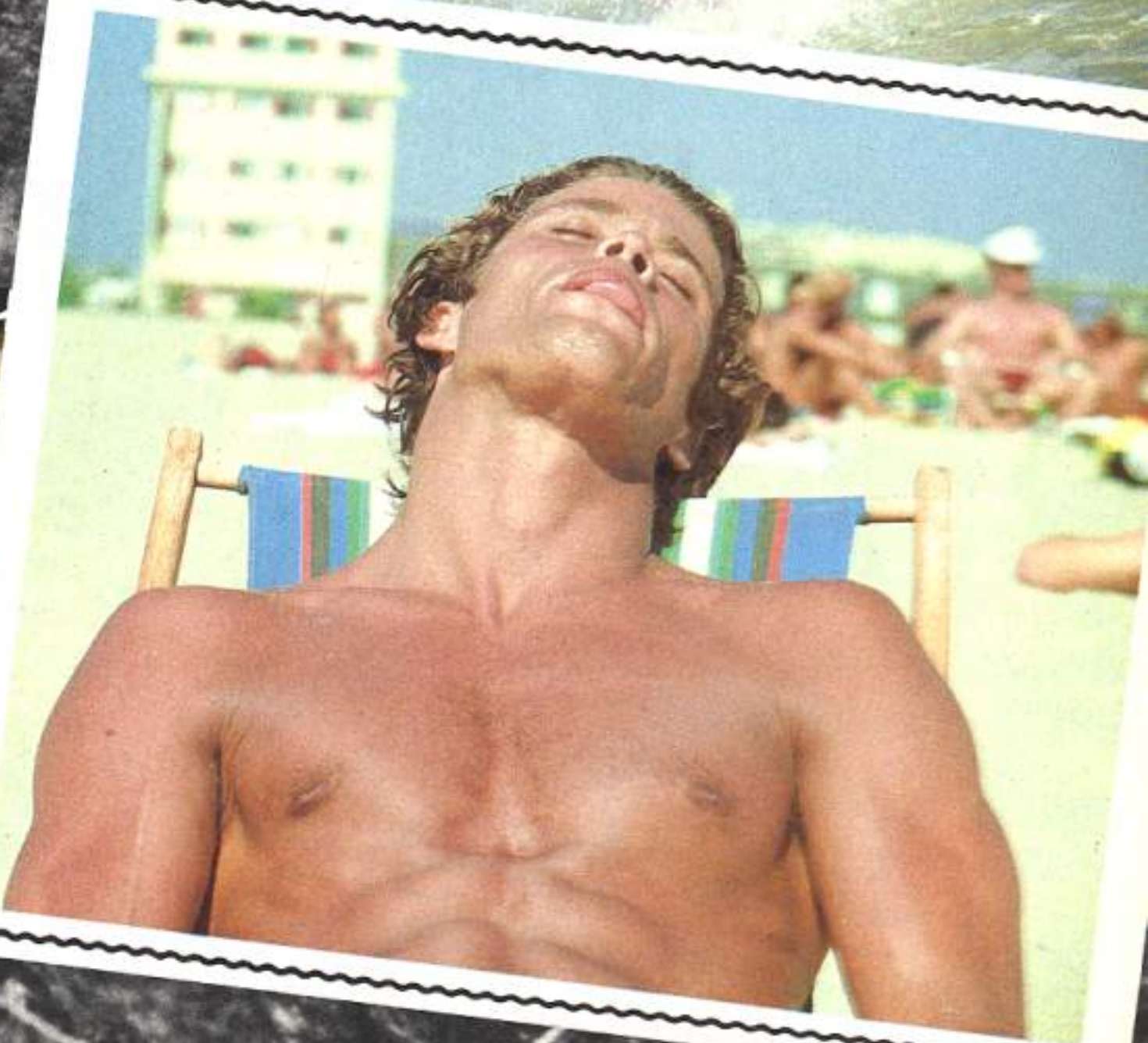
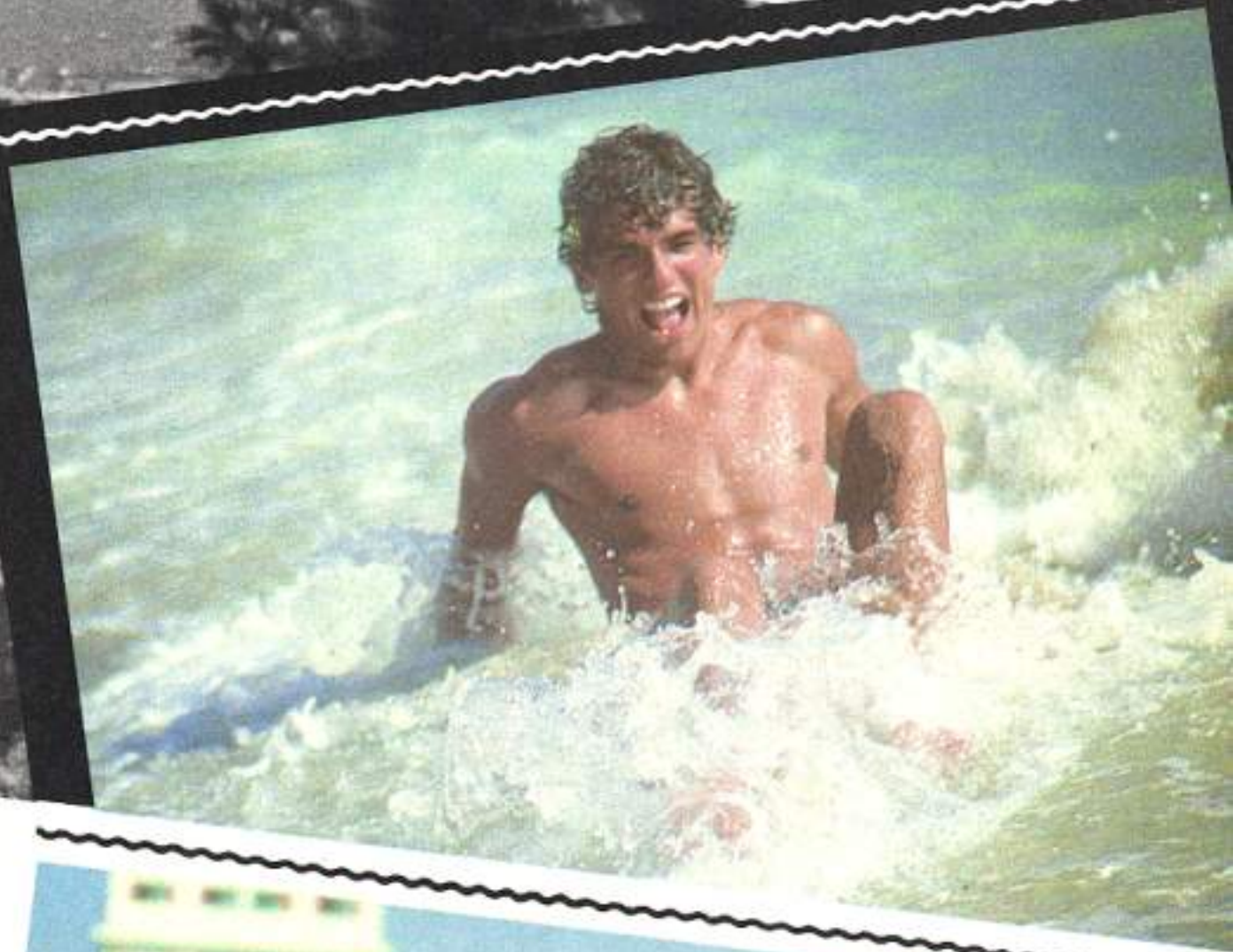
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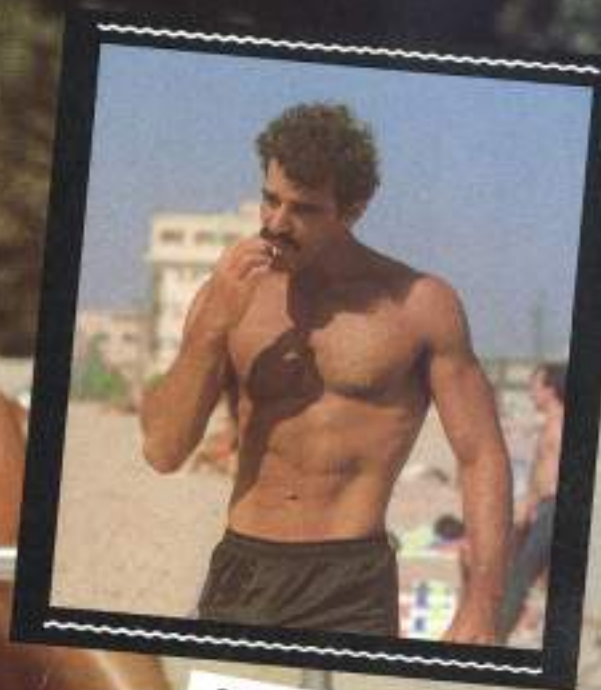
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"We're surfing all day and we're swinging all night. Vacation is here! Beach party tonight!"
—Annette





"First gear—it's alright. Second gear—outta sight.
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—The Beach Boys



"Pretty baby, you look so heavenly. A neon
nebula from under the sun ... Ya Ya baby.
La Dolce Vita ..."
—Blondie

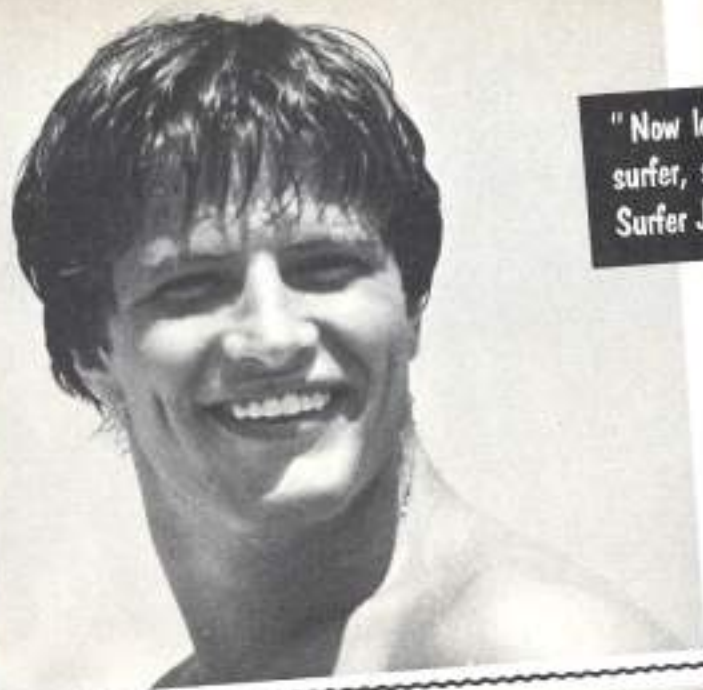


"Sur la plage! Sur la plage! Everyone looks the same." —Barbara Windsor



"Cherry little woodies always get the attention until the musclemen start the Dynamic Tension. Flex your muscles for kicks now . . . Take a vitamin pill now. Give the honeys a thrill now." —Frankie Avalon





"Now look at him go. Oh-oh-oh. Surfer, surfer, surfer Joe-oh-oh. Oh! Oh-oh-oh. Surfer Joe!" —The Surfaris

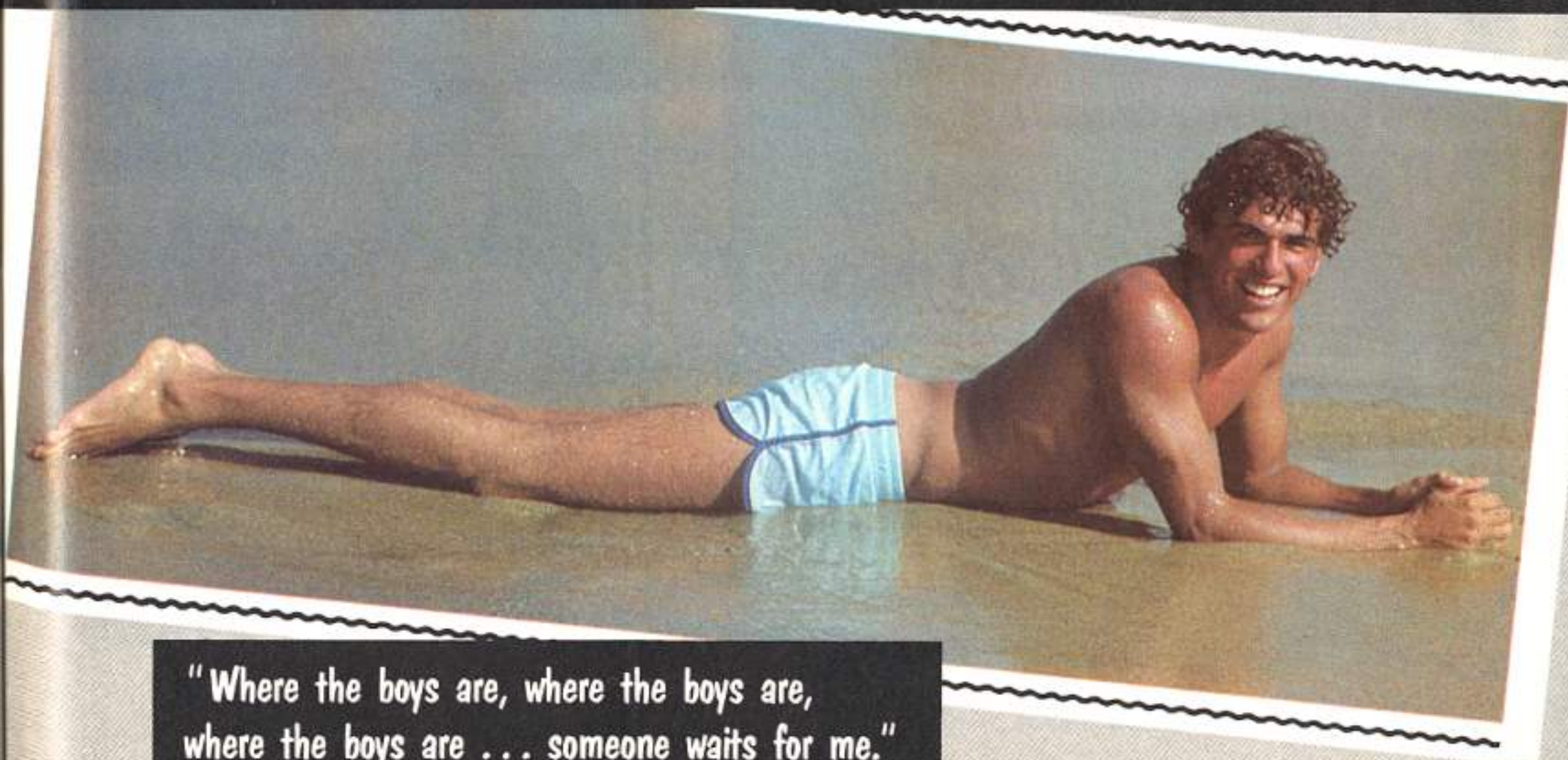


"Remember (walking in the sand). Remember (walking hand in hand) ... Then he touched my cheeks with his fingertips; softly, softly we met with the lips." —The Shangri-Las



"Jack it up, jack it up. Buddy gonna shut you down." —The Beach Boys





"Where the boys are, where the boys are,
where the boys are . . . someone waits for me."

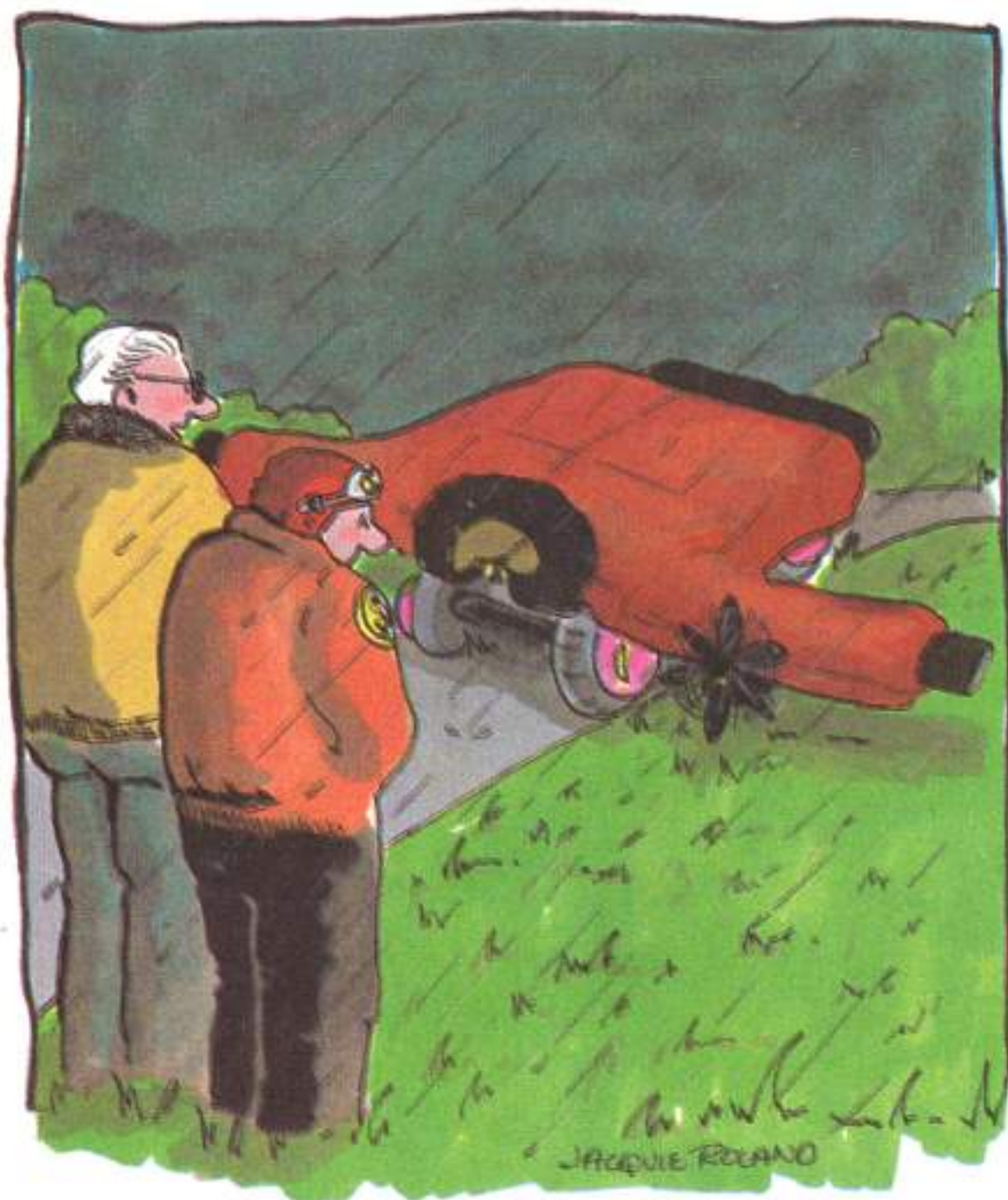
—Connie Francis

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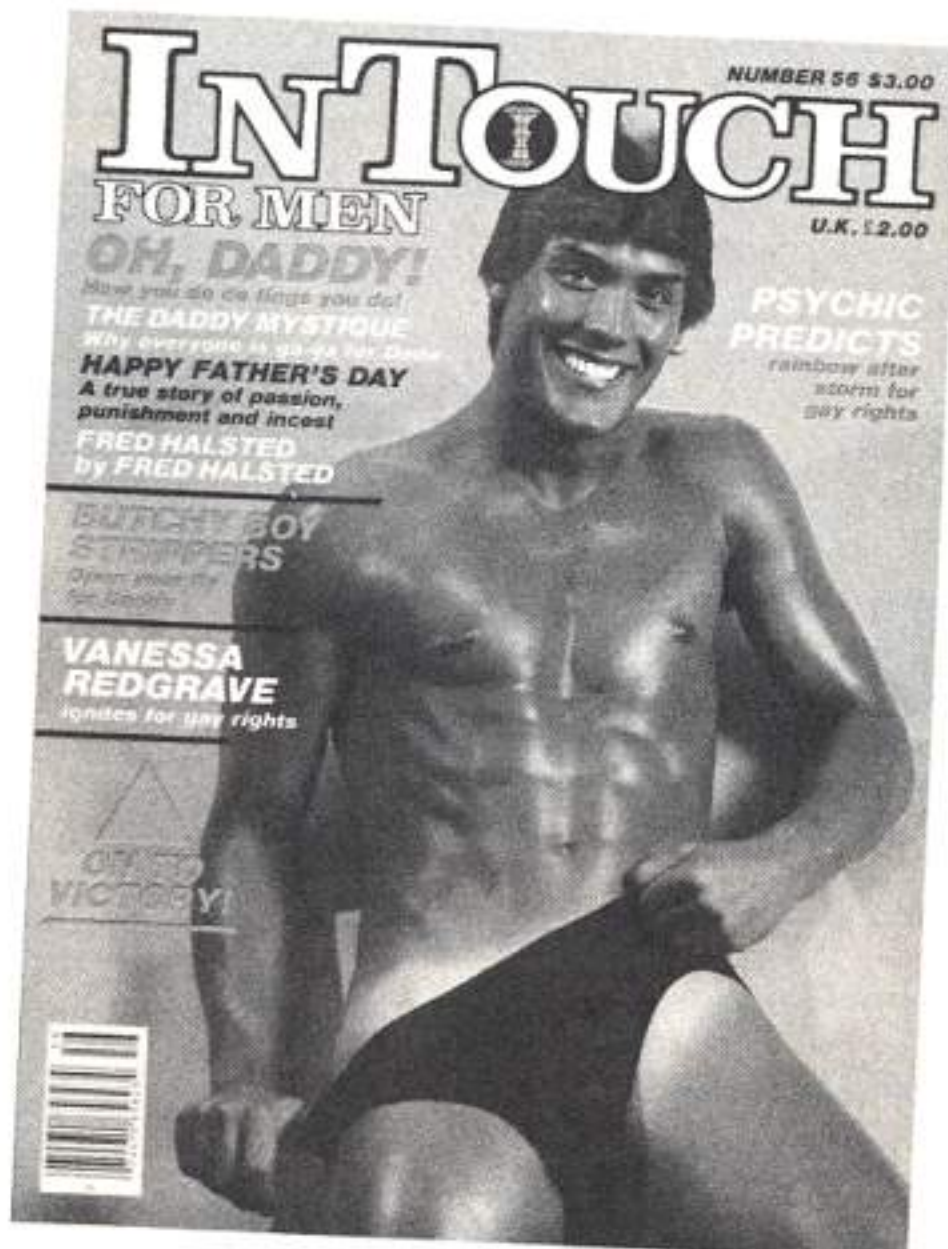
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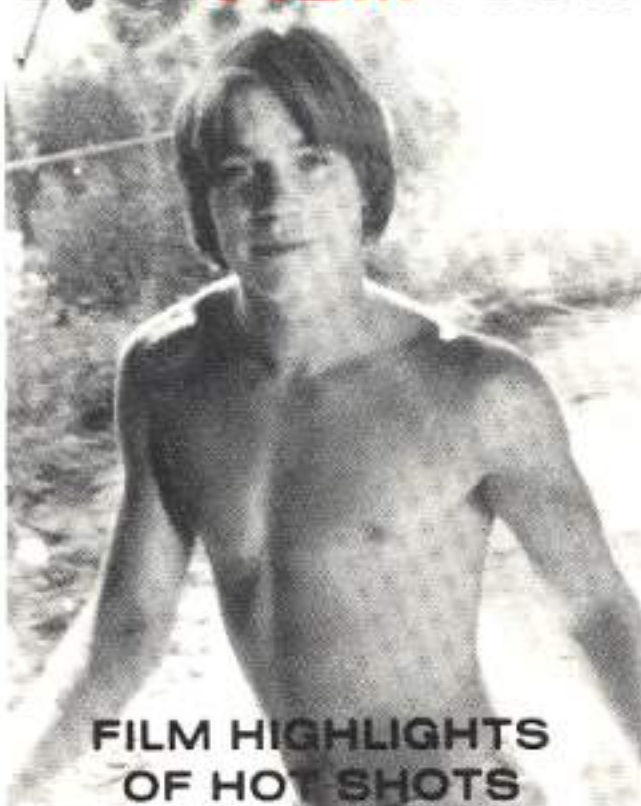
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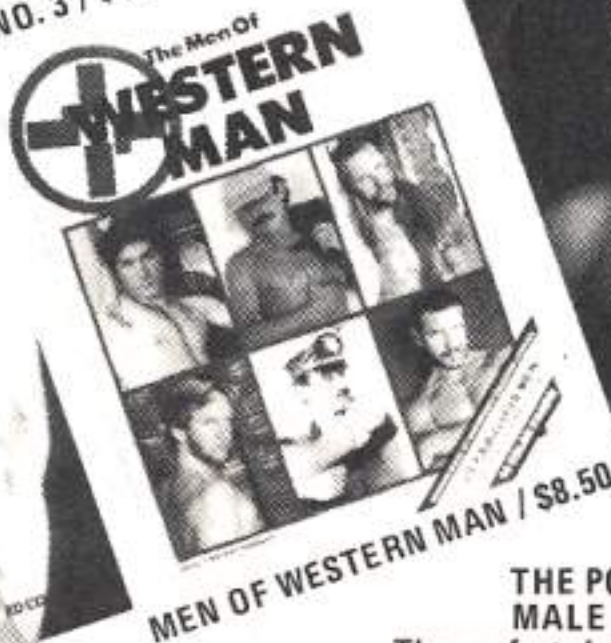
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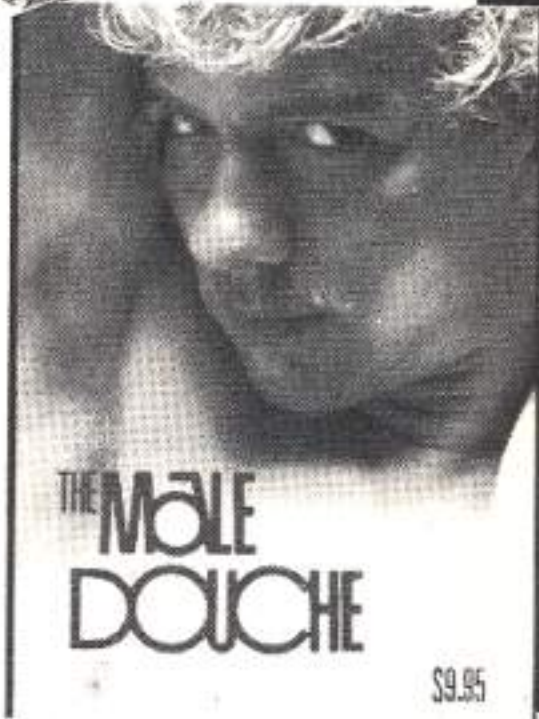
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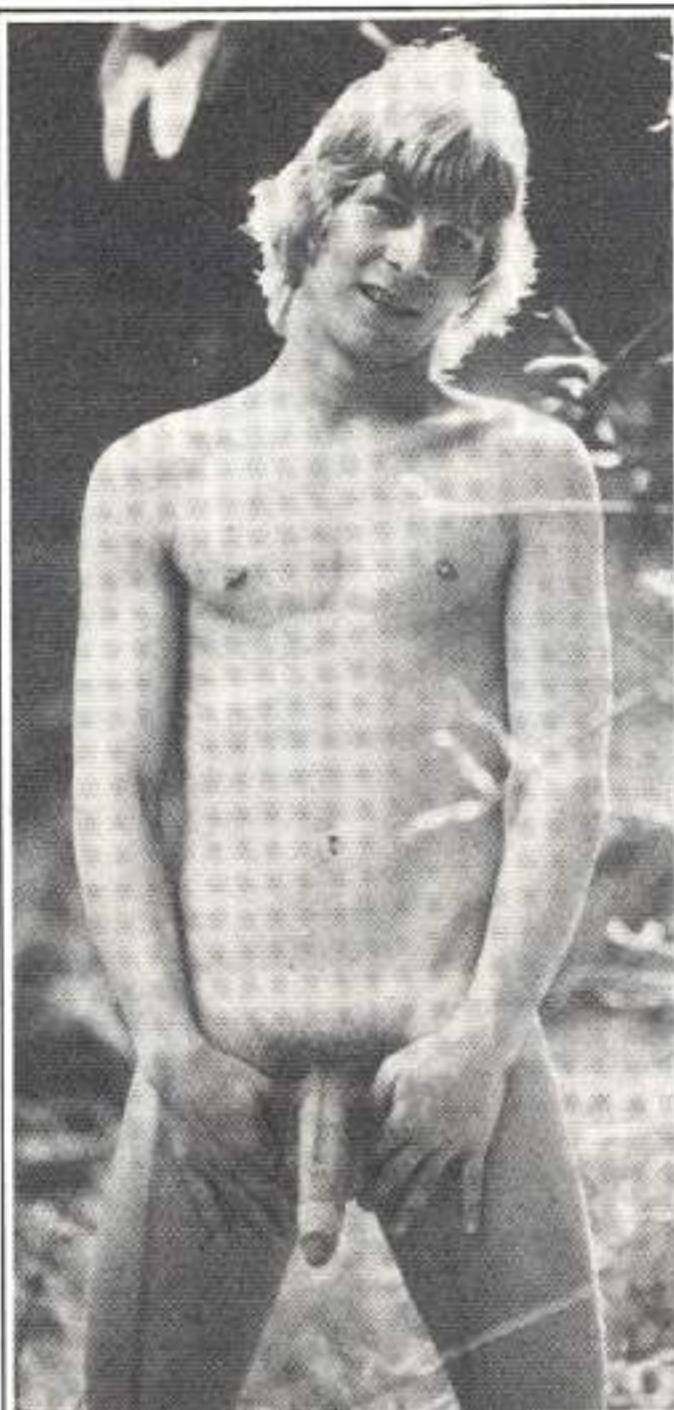
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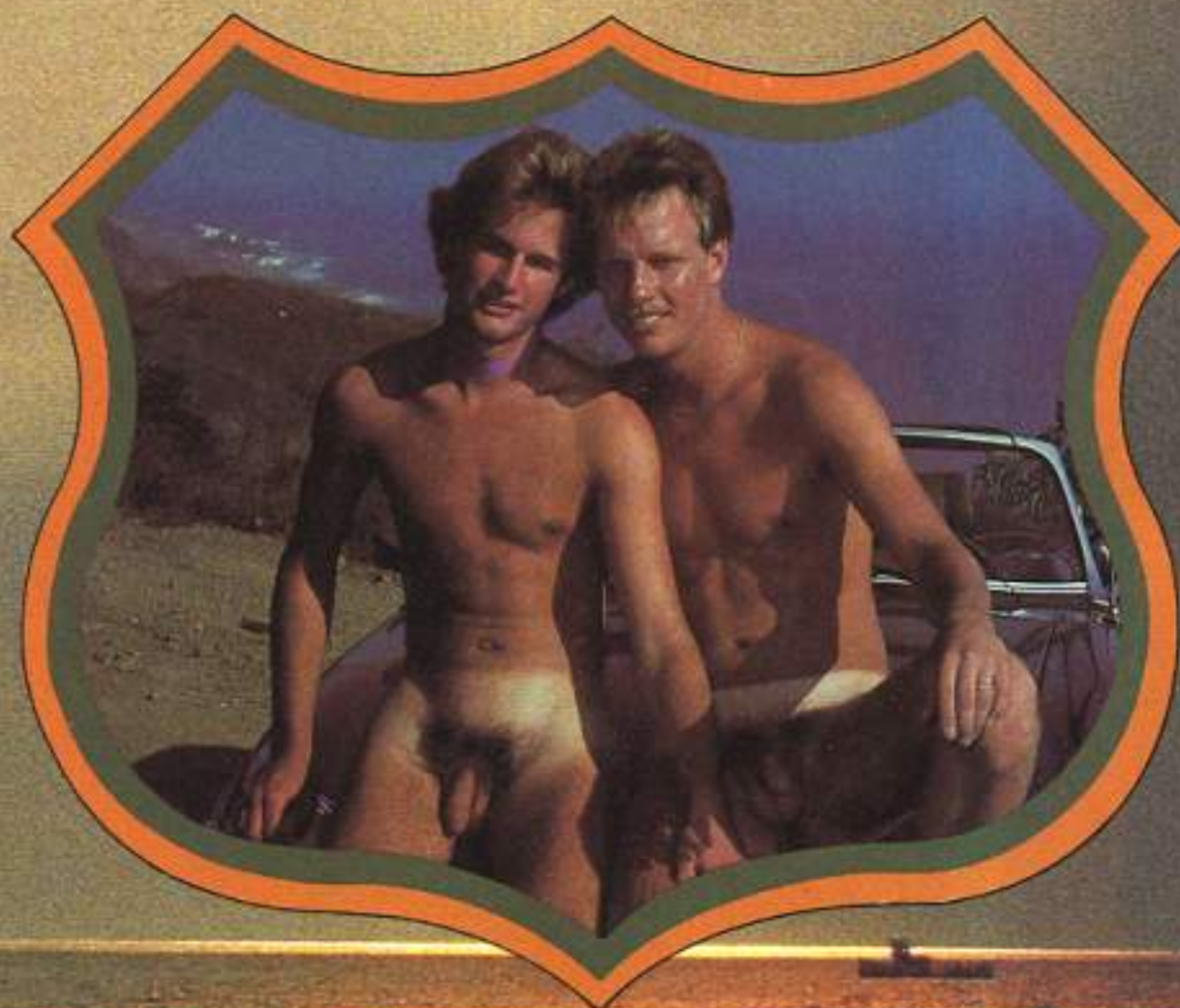
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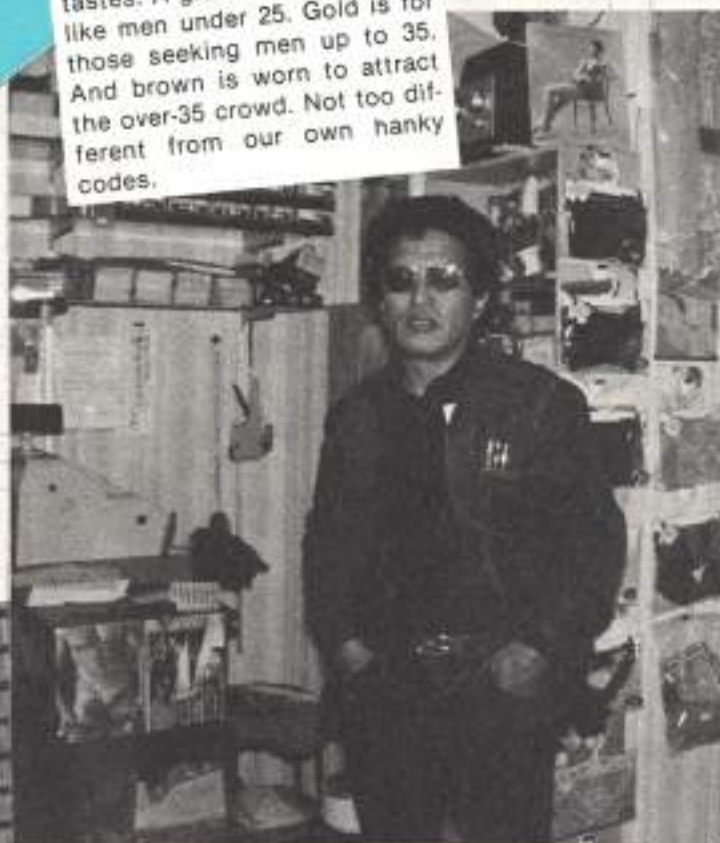
NIGHTLIFE!

WE'RE TURNING JAPANESE: Everybody who saw *Shogun* knows that a Japanese bathhouse is actually for taking baths (imagine that). But George H. Lynch, our intrepid explorer-with-a-camera, has found positive proof that the city of Nagoya has at least one bathhouse which features American-style hanky-panky. Welcome to the Donbara-Kaikan, a little touch of Castro in the land of the lotus.

The first floor contains a small sex shop, featuring various toys and Japanese gay magazines. Censorship is tight in Japan, and the magazines must keep those dicks hidden behind a *fundoshi* loincloth or a convenient potted plant. [As a result, a copy of *IN TOUCH* goes for about fifty bucks in Japan... if you can find one.] The

rest of the ten-story building is given over to lockers, steam and sauna, public and private rooms (\$8.00 and \$13.50, respectively) and, of course, the inevitable bathing facilities. As you enter, you select an *obi* (a sash for your robe) in a color appropriate to your sexual tastes. A green *obi* means you like men under 25. Gold is for those seeking men up to 35. And brown is worn to attract the over-35 crowd. Not too different from our own hanky codes.

reaching for your travel agent's phone number, Lynch adds that the Donbara-Kaikan baths are easy to find... "Go to Nayabashi (the Naya bridge) and ask any shop-keeper. They will point it out." Arigato, George!



PHOTOS BY GEORGE H. LYNCH

In the photos here, Lynch's camera peeks through the bamboo curtain at (1) the discrete river-front exterior, (2) that aforementioned sex shop, (3) a smiling patron in front of some inscrutable plumbing, and (4) another patron, who speaks the international language rather well.

Lynch reports that the place is closed from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. "for the heaviest cleaning and polishing you're likely to ever see." And, in the true spirit of clean, razors, toothbrushes and Kleenex are free to all patrons. Few people speak English here, and it does not matter one little bit. And for those of you who are already



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► **ANOTHER MYSTERY SOLVED:** Unless you're one of those men with the unfortunate habit of reading magazines from back to front (shame on you!), you have already drooled over the luscious thighs of Cousin Sebastian on page 14. And unless you've never seen *Suddenly Last Summer* (shame, shame, shame!), you have always wondered who those thighs belonged to,

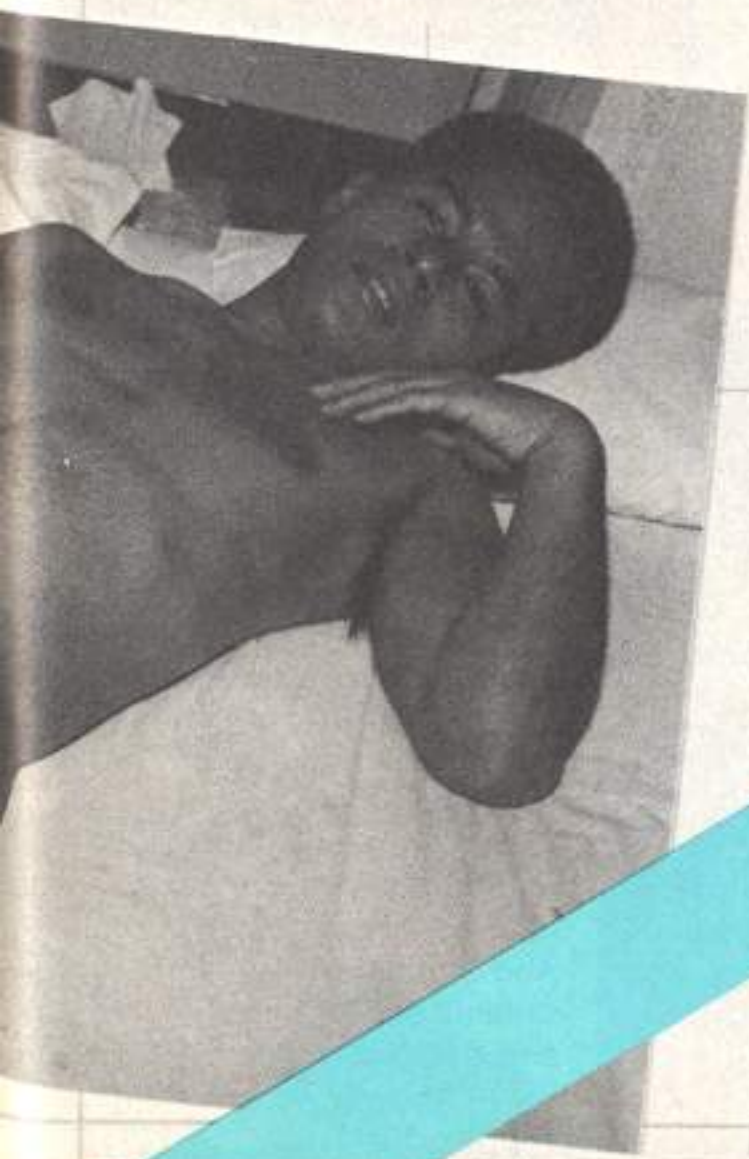
since Sebastian's face is never seen in the film. Well, here he is, thanks to the book *The Celluloid Closet* (which we reviewed in last month's *Nightlife*) and Columbia Pictures. Unfortunately, we have been unable to find the actor's name. So now it's your turn. Will some film-junkie reader out there please get us this man's name, so we can get some sleep at night?!



SEX OBJECT: We know it's rude to gossip about someone's new bride, but we've seen this girl before and she's been all over town. The camera of Charles Moniz, our Manhattan celebrity photographer, caught the happy couple just after the ceremony, and Charles swears that when the bride said "I do," the groom's lips hardly moved at all. The marriage did not last, however. The passionate honeymoon was more than the poor girl could handle, and she has filed for divorce on grounds of over-inflation. "He has such an enormous cock," she commented, as the groom pretended to drink a glass of water.



CHARLES MONIZ





PHOTOS BY SAM VETA

GLITTER A GO GO: Sequins and silver are due for a big comeback, according to our fashion advisors, now that the clone look is being adopted by TV personalities and police officers. Here we see two gentlemen who are ready to ride that fashion wave, with or without Cher's help. The top photos are of Los Angeles artist, Rus-

sell Zanoza, whose fabulous masks have been seen on the West Coast (at Fiorucci's, East Coast (on *Saturday Night Live*), and the Deep South (at Mardi Gras). Some people have been known to wear Zanoza's masks with clothing, but we're glad he doesn't. If you are in need of a custom mask (only a few more shopping days till Halloween!),

send your inquiries to 8118 Lookout Mountain, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

The metallic gentleman below was captured in action (at Hollywood's Studio One) by our ever-alert photographer, Rose De Castro. The event was a Wild West Party, but Rose says he always dresses like this. And he has at least two fans for every outfit. Get back, Pattie Brooks! And stay tuned to this channel for other futuristic fashion tips.



ROSE DE CASTRO



PHOTOS BY JOE SKYLAR
COURTESY MALE HIDE LEATHER

FROM THE CITY THAT GAVE YOU KIM NOVAK:

Meet Warren Kovalsky, who is, of course, from Chicago. Warren just copped the title of "Mr. Gold Coast 1981" and deservedly so. This Cook County Cowboy sports a kerchief on the left, a rope on the left, a pistol in his left pocket, and a trophy in his left hand, whatever that means. The "4" on his right side is merely his entry number, and had no meaning whatsoever. And now, let's all just stare dreamy-eyed at those photos and say that name three times ... slowly ... with feeling ... "Warren Kovalsky ..."

WINDOW DRESSING: To be perfectly honest, we passed up a photo of a man in a Giant White Humanoid Rabbit costume to bring you this between-the-legs shot of porn star Jeremy Scott, who isn't even *naked*, but who is at least showing a *lot* of basket in those white pants. The six-foot bunny was only a few feet away (it was Easter), and Jeremy was in the display window of San Francisco's Le Salon

bookstore to (a) promote Le Salon, (b) promote his newest film, *Pacific Coast Highway*, in which he often wears nothing at all, and (c) count the jelly beans in a big fishbowl to see who won the cash prize. We don't know what he's doing in *this* picture. (We had one of him counting the jelly beans, but that one didn't show his basket at all.)

Nonetheless, he has big feet, doesn't he?



LEATHERWORLD

... AND BEARS (OH, MY!): These are not men in costumes, but they, too, are in San Francisco. These cute li'l bearzy-wearzies just seem to say, "Oh, please cuddle me, daddy dear, or I'll knock the shit out of you," don't they? These fuzzy buddies would give anything to go prowling with you, your pocket holding them tightly against your flexing buns (they *love* it) as you glide through the warm night air. If you'd like to have these defenseless little butch numbers bound into a package and mailed directly to you, just

write to Leatherworld (735 Larkin St., S.F.). The one with the torso harness, jock strap, studded wristband and thong tie is \$39.95 (plus \$3.75 shipping). The other, in chaps, vest, wristband and thong is \$49.95 (plus \$3.75 shipping). Coming soon... *Bambi in Bondage!*

THIS IS NOT A PAID AD: This is a postcard/invitation from Hollywood's Circus Disco. And we liked it so darn much that we wanted to show it to you. Man or woman, we do not know. But we do know a TV when we see one. I suppose it's truly decadent to break a TV set in the name of Art when there are children in India who are going to bed without their Philco tonight, but what the hell. If you can't be decadent in Hollywood, where can you?



(Distraught person reacting to prime-time television programming; actions indicate a need for change in nightly activity.

Suggested cure: Circus Disco).

NOBODY'S GONNA KICK SAND IN THIS MOTHER-FUCKER'S FACE!: Our Summer Issue may be over, but not the summer! We'll be back at the beach all summer long, gettin' tan and that ain't all, so to make sure you look great when our IN TOUCH roving reporter says "Show us your tan lines," here are a few tips for proper beach attire:

NO LONG GLOVES:
They produce an odd sort of "farmer tan" in reverse.

STRAPLESS GOWNS:
Always in fashion, especially for sunning. And you never have to worry about breaking a strap while you're flexing.

NIPPLES SLIGHTLY EXPOSED:
Very provocative, especially when you bend over or can think of some reason to get down on your knees.

NO UNDERWEAR:
This needs no explanation.

UNSHAVED ARMPITS:
This one drives them absolutely wild and prevents chafing.

SENSIBLE SHOES:
Stylish wedgies for beachwear, and another pair (with no open toes!) for the disco after.

SHORT SKIRT:
Ideal for wading and blowing up over subway air shafts.

So there you have it. Our Beach Party is over, and we still haven't had the time or the space to show you all of the delicious photos that pass through our offices. But we'll be back in August with a lot of surprises. Who knows, one of them could be your ex-lover or something. But now, we gotta head on down to the beach, 'cause surf's up, and it's two guys for every guy, now. Hang ten!

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